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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 174.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, April 3, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

MISS EVELYN FOSTER

Who is shortly to be married to the Marquis of Downshire. She is the elder daughter of Mr. Edmund Foster, of Clewer Manor, Windsor, and has quite a reputation as an amateur actress. The Dutch wedding at Windsor of her sister, now the Baroness Frans Heemstra, was one of the prettiest events of last season

No. 174.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

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Bystander Comments

On Facilities

Facilities are a nuisance. They ought to be put down by law. On the surface, they are things that make other things easier. In reality, they are a fertile source of difficulties. Take railway facilities for the Easter Holidays. Have they made the Easter Holidays easier? The answer is a weary smile.

* * *

Easter at Rome

The fact is, facilities tempt one to do what one would never have thought of if left to oneself. You read that railway facilities are such that you can go to Rome for Easter for thirty-five and fourpence cheaper than you could have gone to Rome for at some other period. You don't want to go to Rome for Easter. You would much rather stay at home. But the thing tempts you. "By Jove!" you say, "one can save 35*s.* 6*d.* by going to Rome, and get in forty-one hours there. *Train de luxe*, too. Wonderful the rate they go. It took my great-grandfather a month to do. I think I'll go."

* * *

Afterwards

You do go. So do a lot of other people. When a *train de luxe* is crowded, it's very like any other train—only more so. There are facilities in a sardine-tin, when you come to consider the matter. Rome is Rome, of course. But then, on the other hand, forty-one hours are forty-one hours. You can get a meal or two in—the facilities provide for that—and if you're a good sleeper you can sleep in the train. If you can't, you will, perhaps, have a nervous break-down on your return. There are facilities for getting over nervous prostration, no doubt, and you try them, too. But you wish you hadn't to.

* * *

A Hint for Suffragists

Apropos of facilities, why do not Suffragists study Jiu-Jitsu before their next attack on the House of Commons? It is no good hitting a policeman with a muff. Policemen are pretty easily injured by roughs sometimes (a sturdy Hooligan occasionally accounts for a couple of policemen), but no policeman would care to allow that he was disabled by a blow from a muff. No doubt a muff saves the knuckles of the striker from painful contact with the policeman's buttons, but we decline to think that Suffragists are afraid for their knuckles. Women who will suffer th pangs of indigestion from Holloway diet would not mind losing a little skin.

* * *

What Would They Do in the House?

But it may be they really do not wish to pass the police. It is difficult to see what they would want in the House itself. Would they begin legislating at once, or would they hurl themselves bodily upon our present representatives? It would be a Homeric struggle—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in the grip of Miss Pankhurst, Mr. Asquith borne to the ground by the united weights of a bevy of Lancashire maidens. Then a fight for the body of Mr. Winston Churchill. Mr. Straus might take advantage of the *mêlée* to pass his Weights and Measures (Metric System) Bill and the Irish Members to secure Home Rule.

* * *

Weights and Measures

Speaking from the point of view of those who painfully learnt their Weights and Measures at school by heart, we are rather glad Mr. Straus's Bill has failed. It would be annoying to know that we had learnt them all in vain. Of course, they are weird and confusing and illogical and absurd. But then what would become of slate and paper manufacturers, if we could do all our calculations in our heads, as Mr. Straus wants us to do? Besides, the decimal system always suggests counting on one's fingers and thumbs, which no self-respecting Englishman would do. All very well for the Latin races. Not for us.

Eremon winning the Grand National followed by the riderless Rathvale

The victory of Mr. Stanley Howard's horse in the great steeplechase was very popular. Mr. Howard purchased him from Mr. James Daly in 1906 for £400, and after a few runs with the Ward Union Staghounds, sent him to train for the "National," with splendid results, considering Eremon's youth. Following the victor home is the riderless Rathvale

RACING NOTIONS

A MEMORABLE GRAND NATIONAL. By "CARBINE"

A Popular Success

Eremon deservedly takes rank among the most popular Grand National winners of modern times. Everything about the horse was perfectly above-board. His owner is a keen young sportsman, who races in a small way purely for the love of racing; he does not bet largely himself, but he had the utmost confidence in Eremon, and weeks before the event his friends knew what he thought of the horse, and backed him accordingly. Mr. Stanley Howard has always had very great faith in Coulthwaite, and at Liverpool after the race it was exceedingly pleasant to see the gratitude which was expressed in the hand-shake between owner and trainer. Coulthwaite certainly has a wonderful way with jumpers.

The Truth About Eremon

Some absurd stories about the earlier history of Eremon have appeared in print, forming a "romance" in more senses than one. We are told, for example, that the horse once ran in the "shafts of a milk-cart or a jaunting-car." That is untrue. It has been stated that Mr. Howard got him for £50. That also is untrue. From an authoritative source I learn that Eremon was purchased from Mr. James Daly in Dublin in January, 1906, for £400 by his present owner, after he had been ridden a few times with the Ward Union Staghounds. The young horse went so well that he was tried over a country. After a little difficulty at first, Eremon jumped "as high as a house," and that decided Mr. Howard to send him into training, with the magnificent result now known to the world.

Marvellous Riding

While Mr. Howard and Coulthwaite have received endless congratulations, Newey has not been forgotten, for everyone recognises that more brilliant horsemanship has never been seen in the Grand National. To ride with only one stirrup-iron over thirty of the most formidable jumps known in steeplechasing is a performance unequalled in the annals of the great race. Those who have ever had to ride across country under a similar disadvantage will fully appreciate the extraordinary character of Newey's feat, and I am still wondering how on earth he did it, especially when remembering how much the wretched riderless Rathvale harassed him. When it was all over, Newey had some difficulty in drawing the weight with only one iron, and I am told that to Coulthwaite and others the weighing-in was the "most exciting three minutes of all." Happily, the jockey managed to touch 10st. 1lb., and the race was Eremon's beyond dispute. It was a glorious victory, and will be talked of for many a long day. This week my selection is Amersham for the Royal Borough Handicap at Windsor.

Are We Short of Good Riders?

At the opening of a new season we are reminded that the Turf is rather badly off for really good jockeys. Randall, Lynham, Jones, McCall, Halsey, and the rest, no doubt, are all very capable horsemen; but if an owner imagines he has a good thing at a medium weight, he will think first of Maher, and if he cannot get Maher he will go for Madden and Higgs. Those three stand quite at the head of the profession, and Maher is the pick of the three; but the American came under the unfavourable notice of the Stewards once or twice in the latter half of last season, and certainly lost something in prestige. Plenty of good lads of from 6st. to 6st. 10lb. have been brought to the front by the apprentice allowances, but among the seniors real talent is strikingly lacking, and that was evidenced when Stern was brought over from France to ride Troutbeck in the St. Leger.

Archer and Fordham

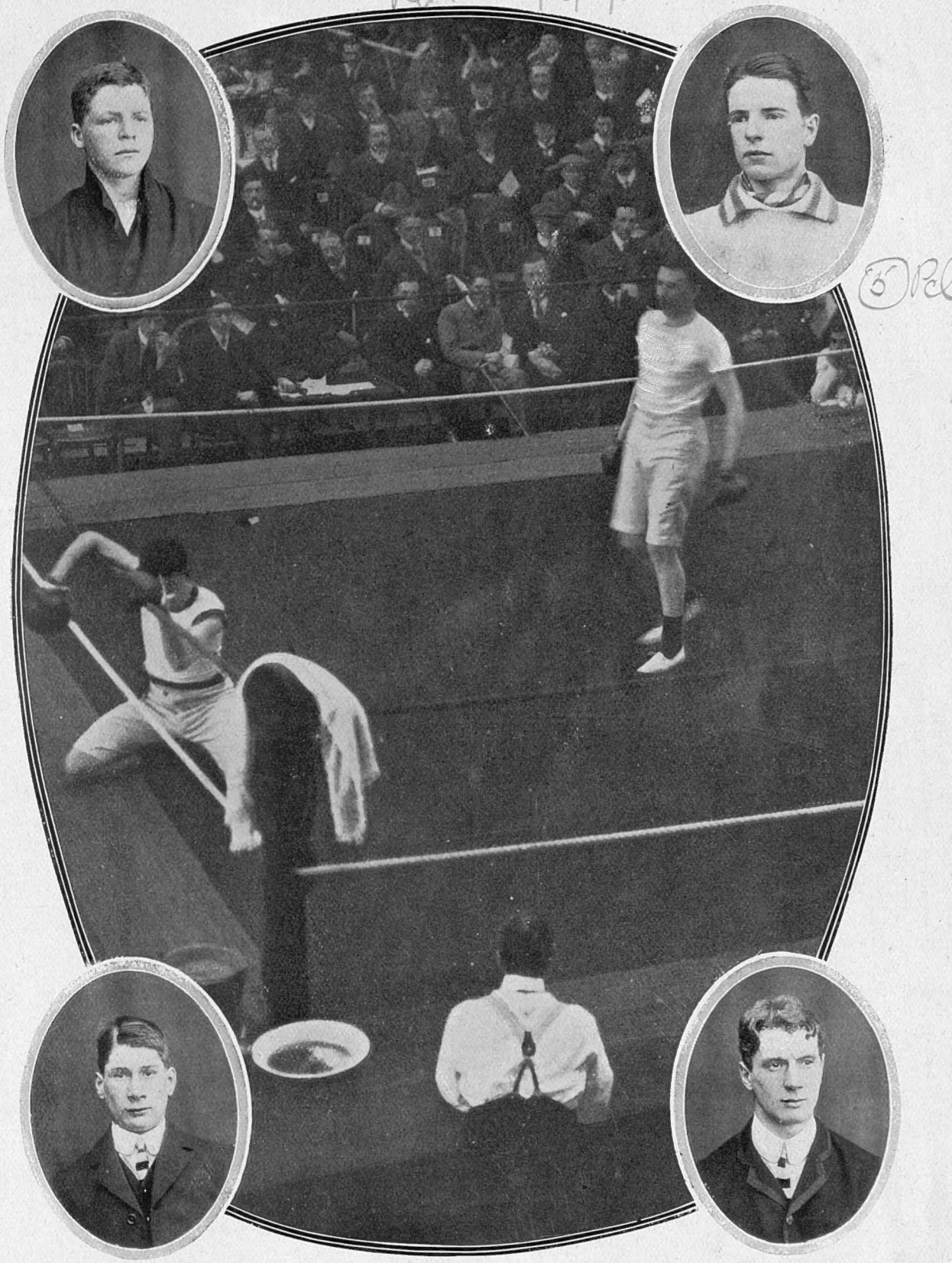
Comparisons of the sort are difficult and inconclusive, but no two jockeys now riding can, in my opinion, be placed on the same level as Fred Archer and George Fordham. Those contemporaries rank as, perhaps, the greatest riders in the history of the Turf, and even now racegoers who knew them will argue warmly about their respective merits. Archer was the more successful of the two in regard to the number of races won, but he could never give a pound to his famous rival, who was the best "kidder" ever seen in the saddle. A couple of furlongs from the end of a race a favourite dodge of his was to begin riding his horse as though for dear life. His whip would get to work (on his boot), his shoulders would heave convulsively, his backers in the stand would shout, "Fordham's beat!" Perceiving his plight, the other jockeys would at once begin to ride hard for the finish, and a few yards of this would take all the steam out of their mounts. Then Fordham would shoot out in earnest, and win his race comfortably with the laugh all on his side. The wheeze, of course, was of no use against Archer and Cannon, but it often came off against less experienced jockeys, and even Archer himself was occasionally outwitted by the "Demon."

Public Schools' Boxing Championships

THE FOUR WINNERS

Feather-weights
P. M. R. Anderson, Bedford Grammar School

Light-weights
W. G. Gabain, Charterhouse



Middle-weights
C. O. Lilley, St. Paul's School

Heavy-weights
G. A. Lilley, St. Paul's School

The Heavy-weights: MacIlwaine (Clifton College) knocks out J. H. Drieberg (Lancing)

In the final MacIlwaine withdrew and G. A. Lilley (St. Paul's) had a walk over

The Public Schools' Gymnastic, Boxing, and Fencing Competitions took place at Aldershot on March 22. The chief honours of the day fell to St. Paul's School

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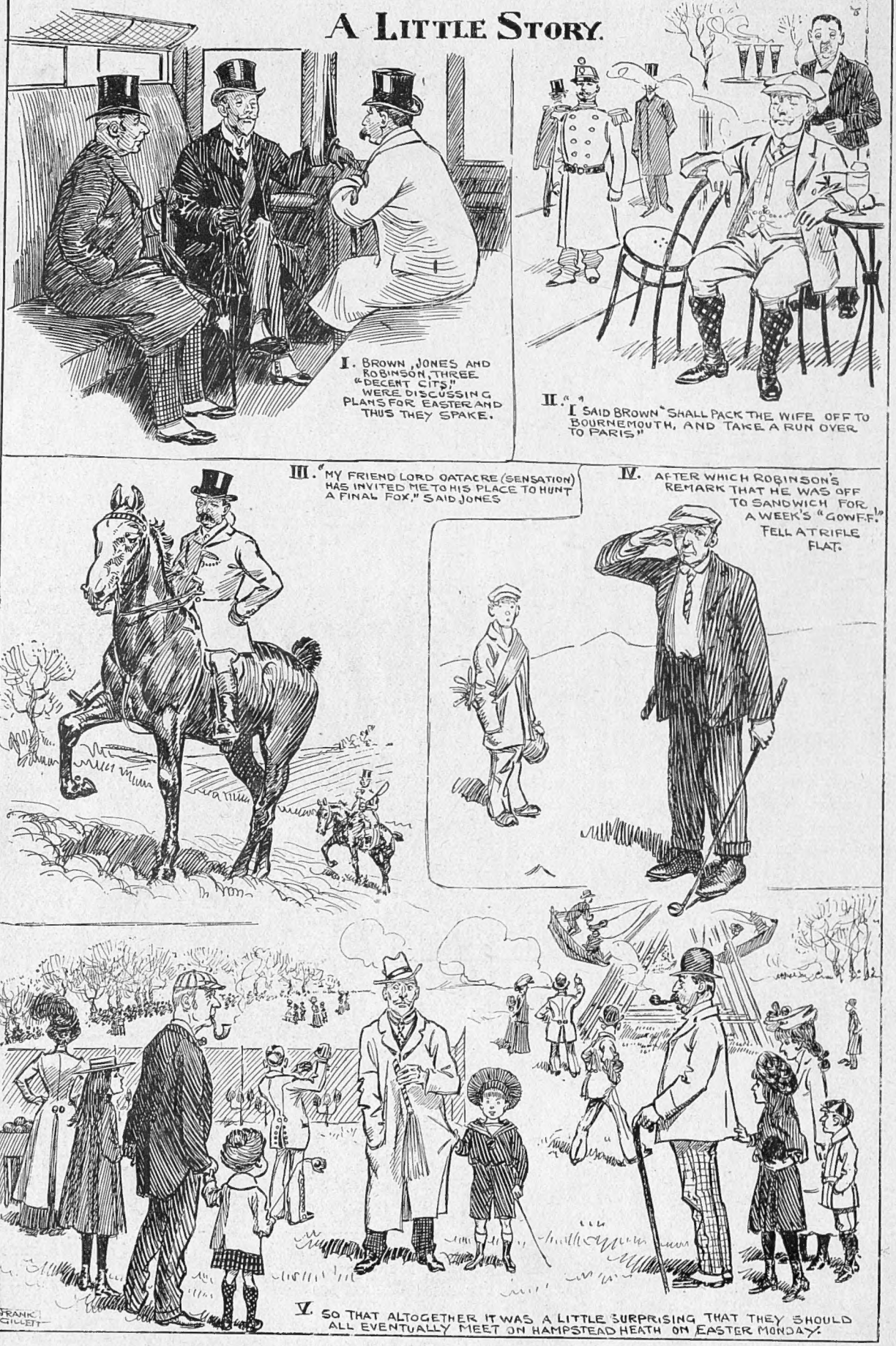
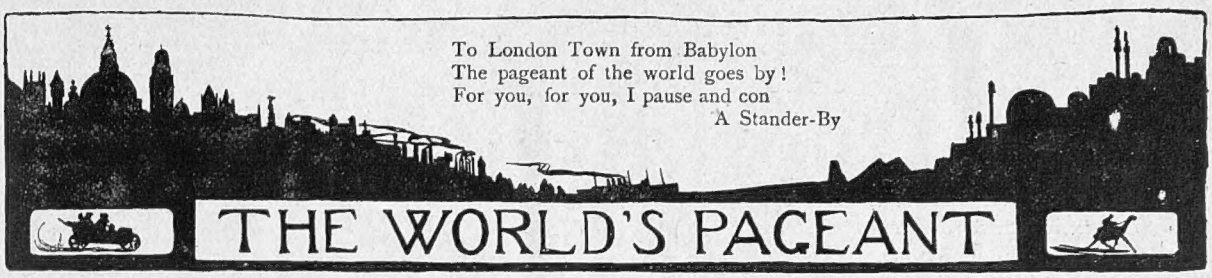
The Topictator

A Little Story.





The Royal Cruise

To-day, if present arrangements hold good, the Queen and Princess Victoria join the King on board the Royal yacht preparatory to starting on their Mediterranean trip. Queen Alexandra is probably the keenest yachtswoman in Great Britain. She is never so well or so happy as on board the Royal yacht, perhaps because, in a yachting skirt, a foot or so off the ground, and a reefer coat, the apparent irksomeness of being a Queen is most easily forgotten. Her Majesty, too, is an inveterate and tireless sight-seer. To land, armed with her camera, at some tiny Southern town, to "poke about" unrecognised in tiny old shops, to pretend she is no Queen, these are Her Majesty's chief delights, and these she may indulge to the full while cruising in the Mediterranean.

* * *

The Royal Escort

The cruisers *Suffolk* and *Lancaster* are to form the escort for the Royal yacht on the Mediterranean cruise. The Senior Service, in fact, is to have its share of escort duty for the next week or so. As at present arranged, nearly the whole of the Mediterranean Fleet, under Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Drury, the new Commander-in-Chief, together with the Atlantic Fleet, will escort His Majesty the King when the Royal visit to King Alfonso is made. A visit made most unceremoniously is to be returned with fullest ceremony. No one appreciates better than King Edward the good policy of creating a good impression, and a dozen or so battleships are sufficiently imposing in these days of *Dreadnoughts* and worse.

* * *

The Royal Visit to Ireland

Though no official announcement has been made, according to the Earl of Shaftesbury, the King will shortly visit Ireland. He will be there for the last fortnight in May, and during his stay at Dublin (probably over Whitsuntide) will reside at the Viceregal Lodge. For the last two or three days of his visit, it is expected that His Majesty will be the guest of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Lismore Castle, Co. Waterford. Lismore, which we illustrate elsewhere, is, perhaps, the most beautiful seat in Ireland, and, though seldom visited by the Duke and Duchess, is kept up in the same feudally regal style as reigns at Chatsworth. The Castle, from the windows of which some of the finest views in all Ireland can be seen, is perched high up on a wood-clad hill which rises almost perpendicularly from a stream below. A year or two ago, on the occasion of the last Royal visit, Princess Victoria, as good an angler as her sister, the Princess Royal, spent many hours fishing in this water.

* * *

The Princess of Wales

It seems that, in the fulness of time, we are to have yet another beautiful Queen on the throne of England. In that fierce light which beats upon the ballroom of the Ritz—and in that rather subterranean atmosphere—the other day, on the occasion of the Irish Industries Sale, the Princess of Wales looked regally beautiful. Very well-dressed in the manner which is almost the only wear for Royalty, so constantly are they in semi-mourning, the inevitable osprey in her toque, and the sleeves to the wrist which now only Royalties patronise, the Princess wore superb emeralds in honour of St. Patrick. Her Royal Highness looks not a day over thirty. She has grown

Photo *Graphic Photo Agency*

Georgiana, Marchioness of Downshire

In her boudoir at Nizells, Hildenborough, Kent

The Smartest Lady Lawn-Tennis Player

slim, her face is much slighter in contour, her complexion is beautiful, and her fair, burnished hair is perfectly dressed. At public gatherings such as that at the Ritz, she wears a shy, rather furtive look. Her eyes constantly seek the ground, and she is very serious. When she smiles, she is charming—a type, in fact, of English beauty.

* * *

Royalty on Show

I always give thanks that I am not a Royalty when I see them at public affairs of this kind. Long practice, utter boredom—or is it Royal dignity?—has made of them just machines. They appear to be driven from behind by some unseen power. They walk rapidly. They listen, without seeming to listen, to the explanatory whisperings of the lady-in-waiting. They shake hands with a faint smile, and have passed on before you have reached full height after your curtsey. They are automatic to the last degree; often wooden. They get so accustomed to speaking over the top of one's head as one curtseys that they habitually look through or over people. And oh, how ugly is the necessary "Ma'am," with which they (the Queen and the Princess of Wales) are addressed!

* * *

Lady Downshire

At the Irish Sale, by the way, the Princess bought many lovely Irish embroideries from Lady Downshire. Her ladyship, who has very kindly allowed us to publish a photograph of herself specially taken for THE BYSTANDER, was the recipient of many congratulations on the engagement of her son, Lord Downshire, to Miss Evelyn Foster, of Clewer Manor. Her ladyship, who is, unfortunately, very lame, is Scotch—a Balfour of Balbirnie. She has been a widow for nearly forty years, and resides almost entirely at Nizells, her house near Hildenborough. Her son, the present Marquis, came into the title when he was quite a baby, and his long minority, ably conducted by his uncle, Lord Arthur Hill, his trustee, has made of him a far richer man than any of his predecessors. At her stall, Lady Downshire was assisted by another Irish peeress, Viscountess Massareene, a tall, picturesque figure in trailing velvet embroideries.

* * *

More Lawn Tennis on the Riviera

As I said a week or two since, lawn tennis on the Riviera has a fascination peculiarly its own. There is an element of merrymaking about it—if I may be allowed such an expression in connection with so serious a sport—which, to my mind, nearly doubles its delights. Our illustration depicts Miss Eastlake Smith, the winner of the Ladies' Singles at Nice and Monte Carlo, the Countess Schulenburg, Mr. F. G. Lowe, and Mr. G. M. Simond. Miss Eastlake Smith and Mr. F. G. Lowe are two of the most promising young players we have at present, and of both of them has it been predicted that they will be champions in the future.

A snapshot at the Nice Lawn-Tennis Tournament

G. M. Simond (Referee), Miss Eastlake Smith (winner of the Ladies' Cup), and Countess Schulenburg (finalist, Mixed Doubles). Walking away is F. G. Lowe, Cambridge University. Miss Eastlake Smith is considered the best-looking and the best-dressed lady lawn-tennis player of the day

* * *

Pretty Frocks and Good Looks

Miss Eastlake Smith certainly has the felicity of being the best-looking as well as the best-dressed lady lawn-tennis player of the day. Her success as a sportswoman has not, in her case at any rate, inspired her with a detestation of "feminine fripperies." Mr. F. G. Lowe, too, is quite good-looking. Not so beautiful as the Brothers Doherty, of course (would that be possible?), but his Greek profile comes in for its fair share of admiration, nevertheless. He is a son of Sir Francis Lowe, M.P. for Edgbaston, and both he and his brother, Mr. A. H. Lowe, made their first appearance on the covered court at Queen's Club in the autumn. The Countess Schulenburg is one of the hardy annuals of the Riviera lawn-tennis season. At one time she played only with Reggie Doherty, but this year she is playing mostly with "H. L." of that ilk.

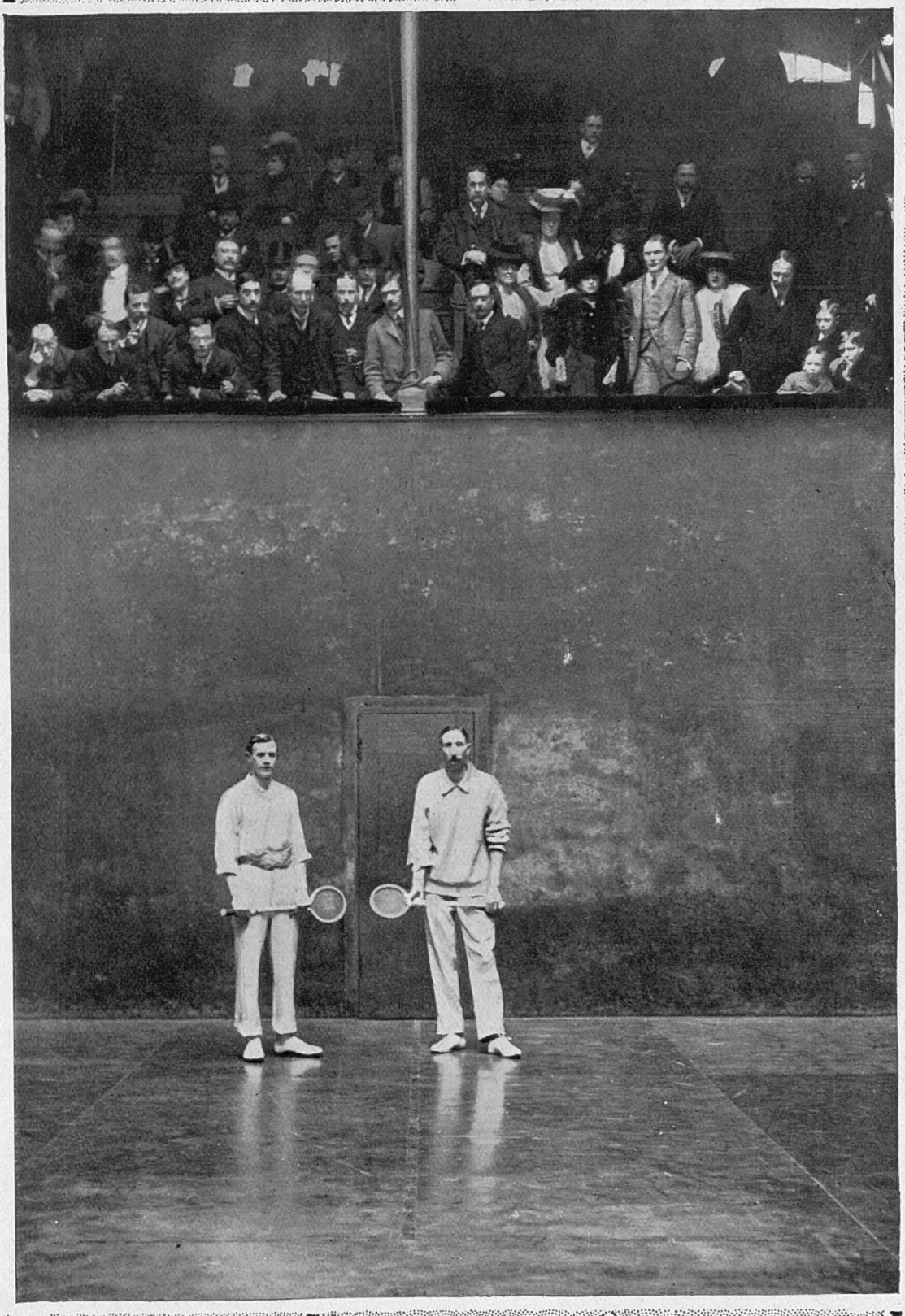
* * *

The Liverpool Races

With the Spring Meeting at Aintree and the Grand National the social racing season began. From now right up to Goodwood there is no long cessation in racing events, and during the present month the most interesting fixtures are the Newmarket Craven on the 16th, the first Spring Meeting at Newmarket on the 30th, the City and Suburban on the 24th, and in the following week that most charming if not most professional of meetings, that of the Household Brigade at Hawthorn Hill. The Aintree Meeting, awful when it is cold, for surely there never was a windier place than Aintree, was delightful this year, for perfect Spring weather reigned supreme all the week. The usual people had the usual parties. Lord Derby, whose colours in the North seem ever increasing in popularity, had at Knowsley the Prince of Wales and a large party, which included the Duke of Devonshire, Prince and Princess Kinsky, Lady Mar and Kellie, Lord Roberts and his daughter, Lady Edith Villiers, and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild.

Royalty and Racquets

LITTLE PRINCES WATCH MR. NOEL WIN THE AMATEUR SINGLES



After the Match

Mr. E. B. Noel (right) and Mr. B. S. Foster (left). (The three Princes of Wales and their tutor are seen on the right in the gallery.) Mr. Noel's victory over Mr. Foster by three games to two in the Amateur Racquets Championship was quite unexpected. Mr. Noel, who was educated at Winchester and Cambridge, is an old Blue, but has never before won the Championship. He holds a position on the staff of *The Times*. Mr. Foster, who is one of the famous Worcestershire brethren, and an old Malvernian, is on the stage, playing in *The Hook of Holland*

Shelley's Niece to Marry an Italian Sailor

At Croxteth, Lord and Lady Cholmondeley, Lord Suffolk, Colonel Lambton, and Lord and Lady Lonsdale are staying with the Earl and Countess of Sefton; while at the Grange, Gateacre, Colonel and Mrs. Hall Walker are entertaining Lord and Lady Ilchester, Count Mensdorff, Lord Dalmeny, and Mr. Gill, K.C., amongst others.

* * *

Weddings and Engagements

April, sandwiched as it is between Lent and the luckless month of May, is full of weddings. Yesterday Miss Rosamund Ramsden, daughter of Sir John and Lady Gwendolen Ramsden, was married to Captain John Ford; to-day Mr. Gerard Hill, the late Lord Hill's youngest son, marries Miss Dorothy Bongey; on Saturday Lord Yarborough's niece, Miss Marjorie Astley-Corbett, is to be married to Mr. Cuthbert Blundell; and on the 11th of this month there are two interesting weddings. By special permission of the King, the wedding of Captain Godfrey Faussett, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, to Miss Eugénie Dudley Ward, will take place at the Chapel Royal, St. James's; and Lord Cole, Lord Enniskillen's son and heir, will marry Miss Miller Mundy. On the 15th Lady Kerry's brother, Mr. Hope, is to marry Miss Dunsmuir, the daughter of the Governor of British Columbia; and on the 25th Mr. Dudley Gordon, who is second heir to his father, Lord Aberdeen, will marry Miss Cecile Drummond. Latest announced engagements include those of Sir Henry Norman, M.P. (once the husband of Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie), to Miss Priscilla McLaren, the daughter of the Member for the Bosworth Division of Leicestershire; Miss Norah Shelley (great-niece of the poet) to Signor Fausta Lena, of the Italian Navy; and Miss Bankes, of Wigan, to Major H. Adair Thompson, of Dungiven, Co. Derry.

Photo *Stéphanie Maud*

Miss Norah Shelley

Great-niece of the famous poet, who is engaged to Signor Fausta Lena, of the Italian Navy

Photo *Thomson*

Miss Cecile Drummond

Who is to marry the Hon. Dudley Gordon on April 25

* * *

Selby

Selby Abbey, Yorkshire, is again rising Phœnix-like from its ashes. The nation is evidently decided not to let this link with the past be utterly destroyed, although the Fates, in the shape of disastrous fire, did their best a few months ago to wipe the Abbey out of existence. The appeal for funds for its rebuilding has been liberally answered from all quarters, and, as our small photograph shows, a new roof is already rapidly coming into being, and similar progress is being made with other portions of the building. Since the Abbey dates from the early part of the twelfth century, no pains should be spared to retain in as good preservation as possible such an historic edifice.

* * *

Rolling Stone Gathers a Title

Lord Lyveden, to whom we are indebted for the latest thing in suggestions for the regeneration of the naughty House of Lords, has had a most varied and remarkable career. He succeeded to the title only six years ago, on the death of his uncle, the news of his succession reaching him at a time when he was saloon steward on a Steam Navigation Company's vessel. Soon after leaving Eton, he enlisted, but after eight months bought himself out and took up the stage as a profession, appearing with Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Haymarket in 1882. Tiring of stage life, he went to the States, and, in North Carolina, became a nursery gardener. He failed, however, to make monetary success of the culture of vegetables, so he went to sea as a ship's steward. A year's seamanship sent him back again to the stage. He toured in the States, and, returning to England, ran a company of his own for a year, that monstrous production *Mr. Barnes of New York* being his most successful venture. Marrying in 1890, he once more tried nursery gardening, this time in England, at Stanwick, in Northamptonshire, but, again failing, he went back to sea and became a steward on the ill-fated *Paris*. Since his accession to the title, Lord Lyveden has abjured the rôle of the rolling stone, wintering in Switzerland, where he is great on ski-ing and tobogganing, being the extent of his travels and adventures.

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Lord Lyveden's Reform Proposals

His democratic career would seem to have left him little in sympathy with his fellow peers as a legislative body. He is an advocate for life peerages, and he criticises severely the peerages created by Mr. Balfour as being given for Party purposes, seemingly forgetting that the Liberal Party, his own, of course,

The One Exception

"MANY A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST"

INTENDING PURCHASER: "You say he's quiet and will pass anything?"
OWNER: "Yes."
BYSTANDER: "I reckon I knows something he won't pass!"
INDIGNANT OWNER: "What's that?"
BYSTANDER: "The Vet!!"

BY LIONEL D. EDWARDS

The Restoration of Selby Abbey

is not entirely innocent in these respects either. The two great faults he has to find with the present House of Lords are (1) that they are incompetent for their work, and (2) that they are overpoweringly Conservative in political complexion. He is neither for mending nor ending the recalcitrant assembly of which he is an hereditary member. He would but limit their power — "draw their teeth" as he calls it—by allowing their veto to last for one session only, and would compel the reference of all measures persistently rejected by the Lords to a plebiscite of the whole nation.

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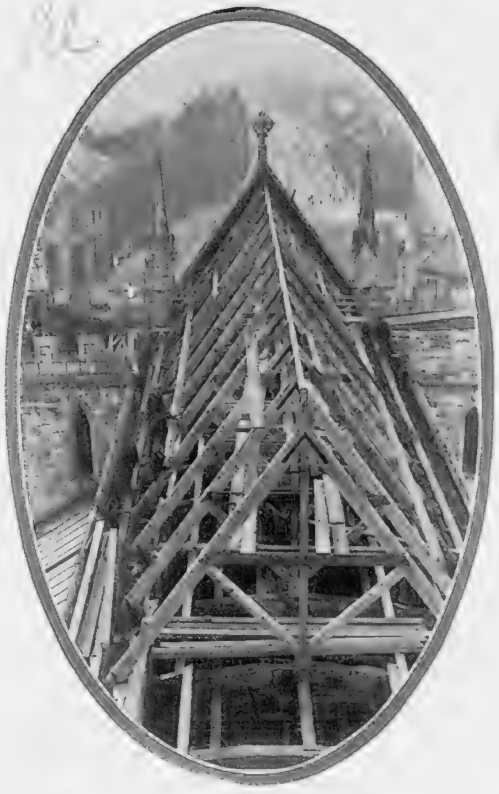
To Welcome the Colonials

And talking of things political, the visit of the Colonial Premiers threatens to keep us, both socially and politically, very lively through a month which is generally dull in both respects. The arrival of General Botha this week is the signal for the fun to begin, and for some time dining and wining and casket-receiving will form a very large part of the careers of the Colonial Premiers. Lord Elgin will be one of their hosts, and, of course, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman (whose photograph, taken while he strolled in Fleet Street, we have pleasure in reproducing) will see a good deal of them. Lord Elgin will preside at the Eighty Club dinner on the 13th, and this is to be so vast an affair that I forget whether it is the Albert Hall or Drury Lane Theatre which has been fixed upon for its *milieu*. The Duchess of Sutherland, Lord and Lady Derby, Lady Beauchamp, Lord Strathcona, Lady Lansdowne, Lady Crewe (if she is well enough),



The rebuilding of Selby Abbey, which was burnt down last autumn

The new roof, showing the progress which is being made in the restoration of this historic edifice

Photos *Topical Agency*

Selby Abbey: The temporary "Belfry"

This very temporary belfry, in which one of the fallen bells is hung on three charred beams, has been erected in order to comply with the law, that every church must have a bell hung to qualify for a Government grant. It is to be hoped, however, that before long a new tower will be constructed in which the bells may find a permanent home

Ready for the Colonial Conference

PHOTOGRAPHS OF TWO PREMIERS AND ONE HOSTESS

Photo

The first Premier of them all

The Right Hon. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, M.P., takes a walk down Fleet Street. Our photograph shows him, appropriately enough, passing the office of his greatest Press supporter, the *Daily News*

Illustrations Bureau

Lady Beauchamp

Who, on behalf of H.M. Government, will entertain the Colonial Premiers on April 15. Her husband (ex-Governor of New South Wales) is Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms *(Photo by H. Walter Barnett)*

Photo]

The first Premier to arrive in England

Sir J. Ward, Premier of New Zealand, and his secretaries, at work at the Hotel Cecil

[Park

The Haunted Musical-Box of Beauchamp

Lady Wimborne, and Lady Portsmouth, all these ladies will entertain our visitors, while the Prince and Princess of Wales will lead the way. City companies, clubs, and institutions are organising functions galore. Upon my word, I don't quite know how the poor Colonials will manage to get everything in, and I foresee the voyage home coming as a species of rest-cure to many weary Little Marys, and arms tired out with casket-receiving.

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Lord and Lady Beauchamp

Lady Beauchamp, who is the daughter of Lady Grosvenor, will entertain the Colonial representatives on behalf of the King's Government on April 15. Lord Beauchamp is Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms (a small appointment kindly given him by the present Government in acknowledgment of his staunch Liberalism). He was once, at the early age of twenty-six, Governor of New South Wales, where his career was not exactly roses, roses all the way. He was nicknamed "Seidlitz Powders" out there, for he had a habit of issuing invitations to receptions at Government House on different cards, one blue and the other white. Lady Beauchamp has had her new house in Belgrave Square most artistically decorated. Both she and Lord Beauchamp take life very seriously—even the family superstition.

* * *

A Musical Heirloom

On the piano in Lady Beauchamp's boudoir is an old musical-box. It belonged to Lord Beauchamp's grandmother, and it had firmly refused for twenty years to justify its existence by playing tunes. Nothing would make it. Its obstinacy was positively feminine. When Lady Beauchamp's eldest boy (Viscount Elmley) was born, it suddenly, of its own accord, and without warning, played a tiny tune. It did not play and was not touched again. Then, when her second child was born, it again behaved in the same uncanny manner, and there is no explanation given. (This is a true story; or, at least, it is told by the principals, so it ought to be.) Madresfield, by the way, the home of this emotional musical-box, is a most charming place. It dates back to Tudor times, and has a moat and a bowling-green of velvet texture; and the house inside is almost completely panelled with beautiful old black oak.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Lord Lyveden

Who has introduced a Bill for the reform of the Gilded Chamber, to which he has himself recently succeeded

Photo *Maclure, Macdonald & Co.*

Lord Blythswood

To entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales on their visit to Glasgow

* * *

Hosts of Royalty

Lord Blythswood, who is to entertain the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of their visit to Glasgow, though the first baron and baronet of his line, belongs to a most distinguished Scotch family, being a Campbell-Campbell, and of the same stock as the Duke of Argyll. For his political services, rendered as M.P. for Renfrewshire, Lord Salisbury gave him his barony in 1892. He has no children; his titles, therefore, by special remainder, will go to his eldest brother, the Rev. Sholto Campbell-Douglas, who married a daughter of General Lord Alfred Paget.

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Useful Glasgow Ground Rents

Next to a decided leaning towards amateur science, Lord Blythswood places entertaining as his favourite pursuit. In this last he is encouraged by Lady Blythswood, one of the most hospitable of women, and a sister of Lord Carrington, and Glasgow ground rents provide the wherewithal for all their sumptuous entertainments. Although seventy-three years of age, Lord Blythswood is extremely active, and never tires of showing people over his beautiful old house, which has been immortalised by Burns in his song of "The Gallant Weaver." He is a veteran of the Crimean War, and still bears the scars he got at Inkerman. In the piping times of peace, he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Scots Guards, and Colonel and A.D.C. to Queen Victoria, whom he entertained at Blythswood.

* * *

Lady William Nevill

Sympathy of the most universal and heart-felt description is being offered to Lady William Nevill in her present trouble. A daughter of the house of Murietta, and a sister of the late pretty Duchess de Santona, Lady William Nevill is a fascinating mixture of Irish and Spanish, and in appearance, with her fine dark eyes and high-dressed, prematurely grey hair, is more a daughter of Spain than of Ireland. Her wedding at the Oratory (Lord William Nevill was received into

The Latest Romance

the Catholic Church while on the staff of Lord Loch at Government House, Melbourne) was a brilliant ceremony, and was honoured by the presence of the King, then Prince of Wales and a great friend of the bride's parents, with whom he constantly "week-ended" at Wadhurst Park. A superb pianist, and accomplished in many other ways, Lady William is a devoted wife. Her loyalty and devotion to Lord "Bill" has never swerved, though her mother, old Mrs. Murietta, practically died of grief at her daughter's troubles, pecuniary and otherwise.

* * *

A Woman's Man

For, as a younger man, at any rate, Lord "Bill" was the kind of man women adore. With the figure of Antinöus he combined the charm and manners of the *ancien régime*. Of late, this elegance, whether with the approach of middle age, or as a result of life's vicissitudes, has, perhaps, a little waned. But he is still exactly like his twin-sisters, Lady Rose and Lady Violet. Both married very young, both divorced, and both remarried—the one to Lord Cottenham and the other to Mr. Robert Myddelton, of Chirk Castle, North Wales—these twin-sisters could, in their youth, be only with difficulty distinguished the one from the other. I was once present at some Tableaux given at the Eridge School-rooms. Lady Rose and Lady Violet, girls then and very beautiful, posed, the one in front the other behind an oval-framed mirror from which the mirror itself had been removed. So perfect a reflection were they of each other that the illusion was complete, and it was next to impossible to imagine that two persons were depicted. *Ne vile Velis*—Wish Nothing Mean—is the Nevill motto, and it is particularly applicable, somehow, to the family as a whole, for, as an intimate friend of theirs remarked only the other day, "The Nevills are eccentric, yes, but oh, how patrician!" Lord Abergavenny, Lord William's father, is in his eighty-first year. One of his favourite grand-daughters, Miss Marguerite Nevill, was married a week or so back to Lord Hastings.

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Nothing New Under the Sun

The coal trick, readers of Boccacio will remember, is by no means a novelty. Boccacio's story of the exploits of Frate Cipolla tells hows this mendicant and wily friar counted as chief amongst the relics which formed his stock-in-trade a feather from the wing of the annunciatory angel Gabriel. This feather he kept secure in a small box. On a certain occasion he was preaching to the people of Certaldo; when the time came to exhibit the relic for the worship of his congregation, he discovered that the feather had been removed and that two pieces of coal had been put in its place. A ready wit and a colossal impudence were ever-distinguishing features of Boccacio's friars. "See, my brethren," he exclaimed, "a miracle! The festival of St. Laurence is at hand. In place of the feather, behold two coals on which *il sant' martire* was roasted!" A nimble wit was ever its own reward. The simple and devout people of Certaldo were edified, and the Frate, having nearly died of laughter in his sleeve, went home to sup gaily with his friends on the proceeds of their piety and munificence.

Supplied by E. N. A.

Countess Vilma Festetics

Who has recently married a gypsy violinist, Rudi Nyary, at Budapest. Her father is the head of one of the oldest families in Hungary

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The Bank Holiday Sabbath

It is now becoming quite the thing to remain in Town over the Easter recess. Tooting and Tottenham may adjourn to the sea coast for the day, but Mayfair, Kensington, and the aristocratic suburbs of Hampstead, Highgate, Bickley, and Beckenham, stay sedately at home. When the shades of night fall upon the scene they may indulge in a little mild amusement, but for the most part the four Bank Holidays which occur in the course of the year are the only Sabbaths from the round of amusement recognised by those who would be smart and up to date.

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A Gypsy and a Countess

The latest story of romance hails from Hungary, where the beautiful daughter of an Hungarian noble, Countess Vilma Festetics, has married a gypsy violinist, Rudi Nyary. When the lady's father first heard of the attachment, he attempted to buy off the gypsy with a sum of £1,000, but the latter refused. The Countess thereupon rewarded her lover's loyalty by presenting him with her house in Budapest, which is valued at something like £12,000. The actual wedding took place at a Registry Office a fortnight ago.

It was another member of the Festetics family, Count Tassilo, who married Lady Mary Hamilton, the divorced wife of the Prince of Monaco.

Miss Bankes

Major H. Adair Thompson

Of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, who marries, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on Wednesday, April 17, at 2.30 (and afterwards at Hyde Park Hotel), Miss Bankes, daughter of Mrs. Bankes, of Winstanley Hall, Wigan, Lancashire

Photo *Poole*

A VIEW OF THE RIVER BLACKWATER FROM LISMORE CASTLE

As seen from the room in which the King slept on his last visit to Ireland in May, 1905, and which he will probably use when again the guest of the Duke of Devonshire in May

Lismore Castle

WHERE THE KING WILL PROBABLY VISIT THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE SHORTLY

Lismore Castle: The Dining-room

Lismore Castle, which was originally founded in 1185, was for many centuries the residence of the Bishops of Waterford. In 1587 it was given to Sir Walter Raleigh, and passed into the family of the Duke of Devonshire in the middle of the eighteenth century

Photos] **The Great Dining-hall at Lismore** [*Poole*

Though it has not yet been officially announced, there is every likelihood that the King will pay a visit to Ireland at the end of May. While in Dublin he will, of course, stay at the Viceregal Lodge, but he will afterwards visit the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire at Lismore Castle, their beautiful Waterford seat

CONTINENTAL CHAT

"The Empress of Solitude"

How unsatisfactory it must be to write the life of a person who is still living, and especially when that person is destined to become one of the striking figures of history. That the story of the Empress Eugénie has already attracted writers, good, bad, and indifferent, is quite comprehensible, for where can a more interesting and fascinating subject be found? And yet, for the most part, how vain is their work! Events which have just happened are nearly all out of focus. It takes quite a century for them to acquire their historical proportions, so that a life of the Empress Eugénie written to-day will, in years to come, be considered as so much gossip, so much material for a future biographer to moderate and put into shape. With the same avidity as the writers of to-day draw their material from the story of Napoleon and his ill-fated Joséphine, so the novelists of the next century will turn to the exiled Eugénie.

The Empress Eugénie, at the time of her marriage with the Emperor Napoleon III.
(Reproduced, by courtesy of Mr. John Lane, from "Women of the Second Empire")

An Extraordinary Career

At the time of the Franco-Prussian war (Eugénie's war it was called), the Empress, having played an important political rôle (twice she was Regent), was greatly discussed in the chronicles of the time. Criticism in most cases gave place to bitter hatred, and on her shoulders was placed the blame for most of the evils that France had then to endure. Thirty-seven years, however, have done much to modify this, and there are few to-day who do not, at least, pity the lonely widow in her exile.

What an extraordinary career she has had! What a curious nature is hers! A mixture of egoism and charity, intelligence and irresolution, sweetness and cruelty, her greatest sin was ambition—ambition which brought about the hopeless shipwreck of her cause. From the day that Eugénie turned her energies to politics, the Empire was doomed.

The ex-Empress Eugénie to-day, walking in the grounds of her villa on the Riviera

"THE EMPRESS OF SOLITUDE"

Her Simple Tastes

Even in the days of her glory, the Empress never cared for luxury. Curiously enough, for a Spaniard, her tastes were simple, too simple to please her Imperial husband. Over and over again, he urged her to be more lavish with her dress. Sometimes she complied with his request, but she always felt most elegant when simply attired. Even more economical than her husband was prodigal, Eugénie herself controlled the expenses of her household, paid her own bills, insisted on banking the greater part of her income, and speculating with the rest. When the Emperor expressed his dislike of this commercial spirit, she replied in the same tone: "You are, doubtless, trying to imitate your uncle by giving right and left as he did; he only succeeded in spreading ingratitude." In a short time she accumulated a large fortune, and yet she refused her only son the smallest allowance. Surely she did not suppose then that the wealth it has taken her a lifetime to amass will be spent by some future King of Spain.

Her Visit to Windsor

When the Empress was to be presented to Queen Victoria, the Emperor himself superintended the confection of her gowns. Yet on arriving at Windsor, much to his annoyance, the greater part of his Consort's luggage had been left behind, among other things her dresses. He insisted on her pleading "fatigue" as an excuse for her non-appearance at dinner that evening, but she absolutely refused to do so. From amongst the gowns of one of her ladies-in-waiting, she chose a simple pale blue silk. When she appeared before the Queen of England in this garb, and a single rose in her lovely hair, she created a sensation which has not, to this day, been forgotten.

Gossip of the Second Empire

There are few people in Paris to-day who have not at some time of their lives seen the Empress Eugénie. Some of the great ladies of her Court are still living, such as the Baronne de Bourgouing and Mme. de Portalès, who delight in recalling the gossip of the Second Empire. No portrait, it appears, ever did Eugénie justice. She was not purely English, Spanish, or French, but had all the grace and charm of the three nations combined.

On two ladies of the Court of the Second Empire, Mesdames de Metternich and de Castiglione, is laid the blame of leading the Empress astray. Mme. de Metternich, wife of the German Ambassador, never seemed to lose sight of this object, in fact many said it was for this purpose she had come to Paris. Hating the Empress with as much ardour as her husband admired her, Mme. de Metternich advised her to imitate her most outrageous actions. Being a person of great intelligence and a domineering nature, not only the Empress, but soon the whole Court followed her. One day, when she had persuaded Eugénie to commit herself in a more audacious manner than ever, a lady-in-waiting took her to task. "Would you advise your Empress to do such a thing?" she asked. "Ah! my Empress is a Royal lady; yours——" came the bitter and unfinished reply.

Mme. de Castiglione and Eugénie were rivals in beauty as well as love. By many the Countess was considered even more beautiful than her Sovereign; she certainly was more sympathetic and fascinating. For her beauty she lived. She had herself portrayed in every possible position; of her hands, and feet, and fingers she had models executed; then, when her beauty left her, she locked herself up with these treasures, and not a soul saw her till the day of her death. Over Eugénie's fall, these two ladies were the first to laugh.

* * *

Her Riviera Home

How she can bear to return, an exiled Queen, to the land of her glory no one but herself can tell. Through the streets of Paris, where she once drove in a £4,000 coach, drawn by eight horses, she now drives in a single brougham. She has visited Compiègne, the Tuileries, and even her own room at Fontainebleau. Every year she stays at the Hotel Continental, within a stone's-throw of her old home.

And now follow her to the borders of the deep blue sea, where palm and eucalyptus trees sway continually in the cool, soft breeze. The Villa Cyrnos has again opened its doors. Towards evening, should you by chance pass that way, you may see a dark figure, leaning on an ebony stick, wending its way from the flowery terrace towards the sea; it is the exiled Empress, the Empress of Solitude, as Maurice Barrès has often called her. For a long time in silence she watches the big waves which rush to the shore, then, exhausted, even as quickly they die. "Why does not all nature perish as quickly?" she asks. Then see her later, placing candles at the altar of the Virgin Mother! Before the solitary distress of this widow

The Duma's Escape: View of the wreckage in the Taurida Palace after the fall of the ceiling

Of course, nobody wishes to suggest that the fall of the roof of the Duma was deliberately planned by the Russian Government, but there is no doubt that, had it happened during a sitting of the Chamber, a very large number of the Tsar's awkward critics would have been for ever removed. In fact, only the Ministers and a few members of the Right would have escaped. There is a decided movement in favour of holding future sessions of the Duma in the open air (weather permitting), or, at any rate, in a building not designed "by order of the Tsar"

in the evening of her life, even her bitterest enemies must be generous.

* * *

The Late M. Berthelot

The scientific world is again in mourning. In just over twelve months, three eminent scientists, Curie, Moissan, and now M. Berthelot, have passed away, and the places will not easily be filled. When the French newspapers billed the latter's death as a "terrible tragedy," the world wondered whether a fate similar to that of M. Curie had befallen the great scientist. Tragedy, indeed! I can think of no more beautiful ending to a long and glorious career than that he should have fallen dead with grief over the body of his beloved wife. The scientist's two great passions were his work and his wife; but he never neglected the one for the other, and he was with them both till the last.

As a man, he was charming, and his noble soul equalled his great intelligence. His country loaded him with honours, twice was he Minister, although those who are competent of judging his political capacities declare he had better have devoted his energy to science.

Had he accepted the many offers he had to go to America, he could have been a millionaire three times over. But he never looked on science as a matter of commerce; and, considering what sacrifices he has made for France, his country might have dowered him with more than honours.

Beauty in Paris Railway Termini

Fresco showing a glimpse of Alpine scenery in the gorgeous Paris-Lyons and Mediterranean terminus in the Boulevard Diderot. The station is a magnificent building, and its mural decorations are from the designs of leading French artists and architects

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Art and the Railway Terminus

English visitors now passing through Paris on their way to the Riviera find themselves using one or other of two splendid termini, which deserve the attention of the officials of every other railway company in existence. These are the Quai d'Orsay terminus of the Paris-Orleans Company, which is the starting-point for Biarritz, etc., and that of the Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Company, in the Boulevard Diderot, where one boards the *rapides* for the Riviera. The Boulevard Diderot Station was entirely rebuilt and remodelled four years ago, and is famous for the decorative work in its halls and waiting-rooms. The leading artists of the day were commissioned to design and execute the panels, representing a selection of the most lovely spots which are to be reached by the "P.L. and M.'s" giant network of lines.

A Fresco of Riviera scenes at the Paris-Lyons and Mediterranean Railway terminus in the Boulevard Diderot, Paris

The above is a hint to the English railway companies, who contemplate rebuilding their termini, as to how London might be brought into artistic line with Paris

The PLAYHOUSES

MR. SHAW REVEALS HIMSELF

"Dramatic Opinions and Essays, with an Apology." By Bernard Shaw. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

At last I understand Mr. Shaw. He has revealed himself in the two volumes which contain the dramatic essays contributed to the *Saturday Review* during the years 1895-1898. Until the publication of these inspired volumes I was in a perfect fog regarding the true inwardness of Mr. Shaw. In vain I tried to conjure him up from fugitive articles and a play or two. Now, during one whole day's rapturous absorption, with my nose buried in these two volumes, I have sunk myself into such a state of receptivity that his spirit has appeared to me. Some months ago I described my feelings for him—at one time dazzled by the brilliance of his intellect; at another time crying anathema upon the man and his works; now loving him, now loathing him. I was switched violently and successively to these poles of feeling because the whole gear of the understanding was out of order. Mr. Shaw himself has set the machinery to work.

Mr. Shaw is—a failure—one of the most conspicuous failures of modern times. Armed with all the gifts in the equipment of the writer save one (to be specified later), he has set out to destroy Philistinism. And Philistinism has prevailed. Mr. Shaw is commonly depicted as the wearer of cap and bells. Never was there a more erroneous portrait. The man is in deadly earnest. He has a wonderful *flair* for shams. His mission has been to kill shams with ridicule. What has been the result? He has made himself ridiculous, and shams have increased and multiplied. He has tilted at windmills, and the windmills are still merrily whirling.

These two remarkable volumes comprise the attack of one man upon the British Theatre. After four years he retired from the unequal conflict. I recall the tenour, at any rate, of a plaintive passage in which he referred to his retirement from the post of dramatic critic. As far as I recollect, Mr. Shaw said that his soul was almost dead within him. In his apology, which forms the introduction to the two volumes, Mr. Shaw explains the purport of the essays. They were "a siege laid to the theatre of the nineteenth century by an author who had to cut his way into it at the point of the pen, and throw some of its defenders into the moat." True; but finally he was compelled to raise the siege and pick his way to a sorrowful retreat through the corpses he had slain.

One of the main causes of his failure was lack of a sense of humour. Shaw with no sense of humour! the reader gasps. The truth is always astonishing. Think round the subject for a little while, and it will slowly dawn upon you that the wittiest man in Christendom may yet have no sense of humour. I refer you to Dean Swift as an example. These two volumes sparkle with wit. There is not a solitary gleam of humour in them. A humorous man smiles at the difference between his point of view and another's. Shaw rages at this difference. A humorous man catches the reflection of a parti-coloured world upon the drab sheet of his own personality: Shaw sets a drab sheet round the world, and attempts to cast upon it the reflection of his own parti-coloured personality. In humour there is humility; Shaw possesses

Photo] **Miss de Sousa** [*Bassano*

Who will appear at the Gaiety after her present tour in America. Miss de Sousa, who is gifted with an exceptionally well-trained and melodious voice, first made a hit in London as Cinderella in the Drury Lane pantomime. Later she played O Mimosa San in the revival of *The Geisha* at Daly's Theatre

not one grain of it in his composition. To Shaw the world is a bad, indifferent, or good world, according as it contains some, more, or most Shaws.

In 1893 Mr. Heinemann sent to Mr. Shaw for review a copy of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Nothing that Mr. Shaw has ever written, before or since, can break down the case which he has established by this review against himself. The evidence for the prosecution in this case, "No Humour *v.* Shaw," is damning. I give it to you. In the course of this review he writes :—

> I remember that when I saw the play acted I sat up very attentively when Tanqueray said to Paula, "I know what you were at Ellean's age. You hadn't a thought that wasn't a wholesome one; you hadn't an impulse that didn't tend towards good. You never harboured a notion you couldn't have gossiped about to a parcel of children. And this was a very few years back, etc. etc." On the reply to that fatuous but not unnatural speech, depended the whole question of Mr. Pinero's rank as a dramatist. One can imagine how, in a play by a master-hand, Paula's reply would have opened Tanqueray's foolish eyes to the fact that a woman of that sort is already the same at three as she is at thirty-three, and that, however she may have found by experience that her nature is in conflict with the ideals of differently constituted people, she remains perfectly valid to herself and despises herself, if she sincerely does at all, for the hypocrisy that the world forces on her instead of for being what she is. What reply does Mr. Pinero put into her mouth? Here it is, with stage directions: "A few—years ago! *(She walks towards the door, then suddenly drops upon the ottoman in a paroxysm of weeping.)* O God! a few years ago!" That is to say, she makes her reply from the Tanqueray-Ellean-Pinero point of view, and thus betrays the fact that she is a work of prejudiced observation instead of comprehension, and that the other characters only owe their faint humanity to the fact that they are projections of Mr. Pinero's own personal amiabilities and beliefs and conventions.

Could anything be more delicious than this naïve exposition of Mr. Shaw's lack of the saving grace of humour. Unable to appreciate the chord which Tanqueray's remark has touched in the unhappy Paula, Mr. Shaw condemns the answer as untrue to life, because Paula does not spout Shaw; because she is not the pale wraith of the feminine element in Shaw; because she is not the projection of Mr. Shaw's "own personal amiabilities and beliefs and conventions." One wonders that when Mr. Shaw penned this passage the earth did not shake from the heavy laughter of the gods. Mr. Shaw cannot do better than spend the rest of his life trying to live down the publication of this one opinion. Next week I shall deal further with the triumph of the Philistines over Mr. Shaw.

ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT.

Miss Geraldine Ferrar

Who, it is announced, has just become engaged to Herr Zoltan Doeme, the divorced husband of Mme. Nordica

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE

"The Follies"

The sacred lamp of burlesque is now tended by Mr. H. E. Pelissier and his clever company of "Follies." There is as much real fun packed into their production of *Baffles—A Peter-Pan-tomime* as would spread over three musical comedies.

It is commonly supposed that a man who by misadventure picked up the "book" of a modern musical comedy and read it through would hardly survive the shock. As I write there is before me a brief synopsis of "The Follies" burlesque. Five typewritten pages containing two lyrics and many puns. This synopsis gives forth the unmistakable savour of merry fooling. Fun, that will-o'-the-wisp which so often eludes the chase of librettists and lyric-writers of an established reputation, hovers over the shoulder of Mr. H. E. Pelissier as he writes. It hovers over the shoulders of himself and of his companions as they prance with zeal indefatigable about the stage of the Royalty Theatre. I have seen a music-hall comedian who succeeds in being clever for twenty minutes during a "turn" fail dismally as the "star" of a musical piece specially written to exploit his talents. Not so "The Follies." They are just as clever and amusing for three hours on the stage as they have so often been in the past for half an hour on the boards of a Variety Theatre. One of the most amusing episodes in the burlesque is the skit upon Raffles's speech. In the play, when covered by the burglar's revolver, you will recall how Raffles works upon the feelings of the burglar to such an extent as to force him to lower the weapon. The skit passage appeared to the *Daily Telegraph* critic (as to me) worthy of reproduction in his notice. This surely constitutes a record. Excerpts from musical comedy "books" are quoted in a spirit of sadness.

The second part of the programme is devoted to a burlesque of a music-hall. This is full of good things; but special mention must be made of Mr. Ernest Bathos, the great actor-vocalist, for his rendering of the ballad, "Give my love to mother"; of Mr. George Robeville, the refined humorist; and of Miss May de Colté, the charming serio.

"The Follies" will appear at the New Royalty Theatre positively for four weeks only; so walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up!

E. C. S.

THE KING'S, HAMMERSMITH

"Dan'l Peggotty"

A most interesting suburban event was the recent production at the King's, Hammersmith, of *Dan'l Peggotty*, being an adaptation, by H. Kellett Chambers, from Dickens's "David Copperfield." Mr. Chambers has, with one or two exceptions, done his work well, and the company engaged is, for the most part, exceptionally good, but occasionally the principals are apt to become a little too melodramatic. In Miss Ethel Ward the management have found a sweet and lovable Little Em'ly—a little Em'ly who gains the sympathy of the house at the outset and retains it for the rest of the evening. Miss Ward never for a moment overplays her part, never errs on the side of the melodramatic—in fact, she is just the Little Em'ly one likes to imagine when reading Dickens's novel. The Dan'l Peggotty of Mr. Charles Cartwright is distinctly good.

R. M.

"Her Son" at the Playhouse

THE FIRST PLAY OF MR. HORACE VACHELL, THE NOVELIST

Miss Wynne Mathison (Crystal Wride) and Miss Winifred Emery (Dorothy)

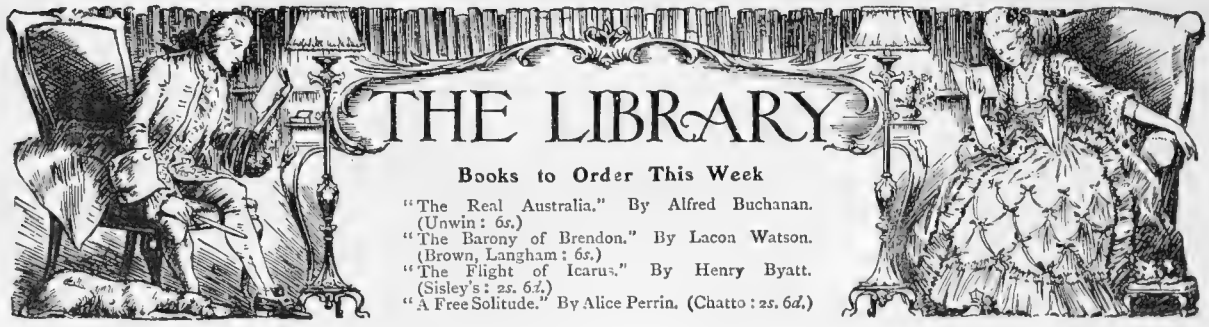
Mr. Cyril Maude (Richard Gasgoyne) and Master Bobbie Andrews (Min)

Min, whose mother (Crystal Wride) has abandoned him, is the natural child of Richard Gasgoyne. The boy has been adopted by Dorothy, to whom Gasgoyne was once affianced. When he (Gasgoyne) returns from Africa, after a long absence, he finds the child with Dorothy, who has taken the name of Mrs. Armyne, and thinks it is her own. He marries Crystal, who assures him that the child had died

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Florence Haydon and Mr. Alfred Bishop

Her Son, the first play by Mr. Horace Vachell, the talented author of "The Hill" and other novels, has filled the programme at a series of matinées at the Playhouse, though *Toddles* still occupies the evening bill. It is frankly sentimental, but nevertheless it contains some strong scenes, which give ample opportunity for excellent acting on the part of the leading ladies, Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Wynne Mathison



"THE REAL AUSTRALIA"

British Prejudice

The Colonies are going to be terribly topical for the next few weeks or so — hence a very timely literary interest can be claimed for *The Real Australia*, by Mr. Alfred Buchanan (T. Fisher Unwin). There is a note of healthy rebellion running through Mr. Buchanan's pages—a rebellion against that British prejudice which persists in regarding the Southern Continent as a dry and dusty wilderness, inhabited by convicts, kangaroos, cricketers, miners, and larrikins—a topsy-turvy Continent which scorches in January and shivers in July, which is cold in the south and hot in the north; which is, in fact, to British ideas, just one vast sea-girt absurdity. Mr. Buchanan sets forth to convince us that Australia is much as other Continents; that she, too, has a cosmopolitan civilisation, a point of view in politics, art, and literature, a Society, some ideals, and some very fine cities.

The Bane of Australian Fiction

Mr. Buchanan is, if I may say so, quite the most modest pleader who ever had a whole Continent as his case. He has no bombast, no "kanga-roodness." He sets forth to tell us that what is good and what is bad, what is fine and what is coarse in all your civilisations is exactly as good and as bad, as fine and as coarse "down under" as in any other great white community. A somewhat passive pleader, you say? But something passive needed badly to be said in Australia's own defence, for, as Mr. Buchanan himself bears out in his chapters on literature, the curse of his country has been too much activity on the part of its pseudo-Zolas and Gorkys, with their eternal pictures of life in the back blocks, and their idealisation, *toujours*, of the "sun-browned settler, an occasional rugged and vacant-faced youth, an occasional dull-eyed but stout-hearted woman." As the Russia of Gorky is all scowls, so, Mr. Buchanan complains, the Australia of "Steele Rudd," etc., etc., is all smiles.

"Has (he asks) the city life, the business life, the artistic life, the ambitious life, the intense social life of civilised Australia nothing to say for itself? . . . What of our million and a half city residents? What of the light and the love of Collins Street and Circular Quay? It is astonishing how few people, even of those who have lived in Australia all their lives, have succeeded in discovering Australia."

An Irresponsible People

To aid the great work of discovery, Mr. Buchanan himself says a few words. As to the national character:—

"The most pervading phase of Australian character is its irresponsibility. . . . When this irresponsibility reaches its zenith, its nadir, its crown and summit, it produces—the Australian larrikin."

Which latter surpasses in fame and in depravity all the hooligans of London, all the *gamins* of Paris, all the *lazzaroni* of Naples, all the miscellaneous ruffians of Cairo and Port Said. Australians are, according to this one among them, as snobbish in their dependency on "Society" as those at home:

"With all its vice and frippery, and inanity and boredom, the thing called Society is an influence, a power, a far-reaching entity, a commanding and controlling force."

Australian journalism, it seems, stands midway between the sensationalism of New York and the solemn impressiveness of the earlier London school —neither too dull nor too picturesque. In politics, Australia's Labour Party has been in power for years, and has accomplished no one item of its programme:

"Not only has there been nothing revolutionary accomplished, but nothing has even been tried."

Various Australian Characteristics

Australians are graphomaniacs. The writer's ambition is rampant among them. It is more insidious and more pervading even than stage fever or cricket frenzy. Every second dwelling of the middle-class is cumbered with unfinished and unpublished manuscripts. Australia has a poet or two (Lindsay Gordon as its Laureate), a taste in drama which is decidedly preferential towards imported British goods; it possesses a sect of Imperialists as vigorous in their megalomania as in the old country—*plus Royaliste que le Roi!*—and Little Australians, littler than the littlest Englander of us all at home. Mr. Buchanan's book is decidedly the most enlightening impression of Australia that has yet been submitted to us this side, and it is doubly valuable as a criticism that comes from within and from a lover of his country.

A Study in Inanition

Mr. Lacon Watson's *Barony of Brendon* (Brown, Langham: 6s.) is so ideal a holiday sort of story that I wish I had been able to recommend it to readers before, rather than after, the Easter recess. It is a delicious study in inanition, that soothes and lulls the reader. Scholes, the hero, is something new in laziness. He is a symphony in sedateness. The heir to a Barony, he is actually too lazy to claim his title. He prefers philosophy and the middle-class

society of middle-aged fogeys to the purple and gold of the peerage. And so he potters on until the delightful feminine element intrudes. It has heard of the heir to the Barony, and, itself somewhat ambitious, it takes Scholes unto itself as a husband, fully believing that married, he will, of course, for his wife's sake, if not for his own, claim his title. Scholes is "smartened up," etc., etc., and posed for his purple part. But the feminine element has been counting without its host. You don't dig a philosopher and a fogey out of his mustiness and his snuffiness so easily as the fair designer thought. Years pass by—but they prove to be anything but "Baron" years. At last, Mrs. Scholes has to try desperate measures—elopement with another man, a young "flannelled fool" named Dobson—but even this does not push the refractory one to his peerage. In fact, the story closes on him still a commoner, his wife, repentant, reconciled to that state in perpetuity. We are, however, left expecting that the male child of the marriage may, in the fulness of years, ennoble himself. A somewhat inconsequent story, but pleasant to read, and charged with a very considerable knowledge of human nature as it is. Scholes is quite a welcome addition to the fogeys of fiction—a select, but not unattractive little band.

Miss Alice Perrin

The popular writer of stories of Eastern life, whose *A Free Solitude* is just published (Chatto and Windus: 2s. 6d.)

"The Flight of Icarus"

Upon the story of one Shabbathai Jebi ben Mordecai, the "Messiah" of early seventeenth-century Judaism, an alleged miracle worker, Mr. Henry Byatt has based a clever little fantasia entitled, *The Flight of Icarus* (Sisley's: 2s. 6d.). The hero, Michael Cohen, is a sort of Semitic Evan-Roberts-cum-Pigott, who combines a fascinating appearance and a mystic birth with large wealth. He succeeds in arousing in London a Jewish revolution, much to the discomfiture of the Gentiles in general, but only in the end to be unhanded and betrayed, Samson-like, through the agency of a fair charmer. Mr. Byatt succeeds in giving us a modern fantasia which is picturesque and romantic, and free from that burlesque element which has characterised and made monotonous so many previous efforts of the kind.

"A Free Solitude"

In her latest Indian story, *A Free Solitude* (Chatto and Windus: 2s. 6d.), Miss Alice Perrin, the talented author of "Red Records" and other stories of life "east of Suez," takes the attractive problem of the "pleasures of solitude" as her theme. The story deals with the life of an Englishman, Benjamin Wade, who has inherited some property in a beautiful Himalayan valley, and who is so influenced by his surroundings — the scenery, the freedom, the sport, etc., etc., —that he makes the place his home. Into the seclusion of his life there enters the personality of a girl, the daughter of an Englishman's marriage with a native Princess, who has been bred in India, and who is not as the English are, and the problem is whether Wade can forego his solitude at the appeal of love. There is an exclusively Indian atmosphere about the story which, though dealing with the lives of Europeans, yet is entirely outside that chain of cliques—the society of Anglo-Indian officialdom—which has provided novelists of Eastern life with the bulk of their material heretofore. Miss Perrin may, therefore, be said to possess a place in fiction peculiarly and enviably her own, which makes one await with pleasure each of her successive volumes.

A BOOK-WAR CARTOON

Mr. Frederick Macmillan goes fishing and tries a new bait

(Mr. Macmillan, as the founder of the net book system, believes that therein lies the secret of successful co-operation between publisher and bookseller)

(By Val Norton)

"Lucas Cleeve"

I am happy to dispel the rumours that have been in circulation in literary circles as to the health of that versatile and energetic lady novelist, Lucas Cleeve. They gained circulation, no doubt, by the fact that only three new novels from her pen are promised by one of the publishers for the coming Spring, a reticence which some feared might be traceable to indisposition.

Vivian Carter.

In this weekly series of drawings, the artist, Mr. Dudley Cleaver, illustrates the career of the Gilded Youth of to-day, depicting in each picture

THE MODERN

(AFTER THE RACE)

The Gilded Youth, in his desperate efforts to make a living without parental aid, tries the Turf—with not very successful results

SCENE THE NINTH

KE'S PROGRESS

one of the phases through which he passes on his progress through life—a "road to ruin" very different from that of his Hogarthian predecessor two centuries before

BY DUDLEY CLEAVER

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—Nos. 68 and 69

By BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL

No. 68

A "DOUBLE" COURSE

Mrs. Heron-Maxwell

The author of the two short stories we publish this week

HE stood with his back to the cliff, looking across the expanse of purple-blue water, its wide undulations crested with rims of curling white, that broke in giant billows just below, and swept in surging foam over the rocks to his feet. Soon he would be ploughing the Bay of Biscay on his next mission; but for the moment his thoughts were centred on Biarritz, and what it held for him.

Some fisher-women, their baskets slung over their shoulders, passed the corner on their way up to the town, and through the thunder of the surf he could hear their shrill Basque voices calling out that they had fresh anchovies or sardines for sale. He followed them in fancy till they reached the Villa Anglet—the white house with the brown shutters, behind which, in an upper room, she was lying, a cool bandage round her aching head.

The little pencilled note, received early that morning, lay in his pocket. He took it out and studied the address—"Burford Haydon, Esquire, Hotel Espagnol." A firm, free hand, with little eccentricities about the "d's" that showed ingenuity.

"Dear," it began, "I am so sorry not to go with you and your cousins to St. Jean de Luz to-day. It would have been charming, especially the moonlight drive back again. But I have such a headache that I am afraid I shall have to nurse it all day. Picture me disappointed and lonely, and do not forget me altogether, even if the blue-eyed cousin sits next to you on the way back.—Yours, PATRICIA MARCH-MAINE."

"Disappointed and lonely." That was exactly what he felt. He had given up the expedition, arranged at Patricia's suggestion, for the sake of a whole long day together away from the smart crowd of pleasure-seekers that haunted every corner of Biarritz on these Lenten days; away from the watchful, worldly eyes of Lady March.

He had looked forward to wandering about the little borde[illegible]n by Patricia's side, with a fond hope that in the [illegible]onlight she might listen to him again—might even decide to brave her aunt's displeasure for his sake.

After all, ineligible as he was in Lady March's set, he could give Patricia certain things in life she missed at present.

She would lose the luxury that surrounded Lady March's niece, but she would no longer have to pay a heavy price for it—submission to every whim of a selfish and exacting woman who reminded her frequently of her dependent position and of the fact that, the March money being strictly entailed, Patricia would, at her aunt's death, be once more a homeless and penniless orphan; whereas the young attaché could give her a modest home of her own, independence, and unlimited Love.

He strolled on, weighing these things in the balance of his mind, and presently found he had moved in a circle, and was on the edge of the wood behind the town.

A long walk in solitude appealed to him as the best cure for his discontent; and about mid-day he found himself at a cross-roads, in the centre of thick trees, and heard the sound of approaching horses' hoofs. He sat down on a fallen tree to let the riders go by—a man and a girl, galloping hard, until with a sudden pull they halted at the cross-roads.

The girl's gay laugh rang out as the man dismounted, and with the sound of it a lightning flash of knowledge came into Burford's soul, like a bolt from the blue. For it was Patricia who laughed, and the dainty, flower-like face was alight with triumphant enjoyment and good spirits.

"We have got a fair start of them now, Count," she was saying. "We might give ourselves a breather, don't you think?"

Her companion, Count de Brias, eldest son of the Duke de Murago, was well known in Biarritz as one of the most eligible bachelors. Young, good-looking, rich, educated in England, with all the polish of public-school and college training added to the gallant bearing of a Spanish nobleman, he was the leader of the younger generation of visitors, and no cotillon or paper-chase was complete without him at its head.

Patricia's face sparkled with pleasure as he took her hand.

"Yes," he said, "jump down. We will rest for five minutes."

And, as she obeyed him, the arms into which she descended held her closely, and the Count, stooping, looked into her eyes.

"Pat," he said, "you have just time to answer one question. Do you care for me—as I do for you?"

Her answer was inaudible to Burford, listening, watching, against his will, from the shadow of the

(Continued on page 30)

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Otter Hunting Begins

For'ard on!

While some prefer the trail work when the hounds puzzle out the windings of the otter's wanderings to the exciting moments when the otter is actually being hunted, there is no doubt that this sport is one of the most fascinating to be obtained

Photos *L. E. Cooke*

Interesting Sport with Otter Hounds in the Southern Counties

Now that the weather is warmer, otter-hunters are beginning to complete their arrangements for the coming season, which promises to be a successful one. Nearly all the old packs will go on as before, and several new ones have been established

(*Continued from page 28*)

trees; but she laid her head down on the Count's shoulder, and he turned his so that their lips met in a long and lingering kiss.

Burford sprang up—her treachery going to his head like new wine—and made a step towards them. But with the slight sound of his movement they started asunder.

"We shall be caught if we don't make haste," exclaimed the Count. "We mustn't forget we are the hares." And he lifted her to her horse.

Then he mounted, shook some fragments of paper out of the bag hanging at his side, and they rode away.

Burford sat down again and thought. For him the veil in the Temple of Life had been rent in twain, and he faced now an empty shrine, where before he had enthroned the image that he worshipped.

Patricia existed for him no longer; her name would mean henceforth only the dust and ashes of a dead passion.

He fought his anger and his grief down, until they yielded to a sense of relief that the wave of blindness had passed in time, and he could see clearly before it was too late.

Sitting there, absorbed in retrospect, he became aware that his impetuous movement, when he started up, had broken a chain of furry caterpillars making a pilgrimage, head to tail, caterpillar fashion, through the wood.

His hasty footstep had destroyed several in succession, and now the advance file was stationary, waiting for the thin, striped line in the rear to pick up with it. Patiently, the chain, moving like one long, narrow serpent, wound its way round the obstacle of its own dead column and joined on to those ahead, and then the procession resumed its progress.

Burford smiled to himself at the lesson, and made up his mind to profit by it. At the cross-roads he tore the pencilled letter into tiny fragments, and added them to the fluttering heap of paper in the centre.

Then he walked briskly back to Biarritz.

There was a ball that night at the Villa Millefleurs, given by an American called Yapp, whose money had floated him and his pretty daughter across the herring-pond straight into the heart of British Society at home or abroad. Patricia and Burford had agreed to give up going to it, for the sake of the moonlight drive back from St. Jean de Luz.

He guessed she would be there, so he went early and waited for her arrival; then, joining the little crowd round her, he said, quietly: "Give me the first one you can spare. I'll be on the balcony until you come."

A moment later Patricia joined him, stepping through the moonlight, the radiance of her face just touched by some questioning doubt.

"Burford," she whispered, breathlessly, "what a delightful surprise! I thought you were at St. Jean de Luz. Did you come home earlier to see me?"

Her lips and eyes were smiling, but there was a little tremor in her voice.

"I never went," he said briefly.

"Oh! how dear of you to give it up. If I had only known! My headache got well in the afternoon, and Auntie insisted on my coming to-night. I mustn't stay long now, as I have to lead the cotillon with Count de Brias. We have invented a new figure, called Chasse à Trois."

She was looking through the open window into the ball-room, and the light in her eyes told him whom she was watching.

"You will dance it admirably," he said, "and I will not detain you for a moment. I only wanted to tell you that I saw you—by accident—at the cross-roads in the wood this afternoon. And that my leave is up, and I am going away to-morrow—so this is good-bye."

"Good-bye!" she stammered; "but, Burford, let me explain; I couldn't bear you to think me insincere. You see, dear, I'm not free to do as I like, but my heart will always——"

He interrupted her with a silencing gesture.

"Your heart is in your own keeping," he said, gravely, "and so is mine—now. Good-bye."

She caught his hand and held it. Burford Haydon had never been so desirable to her as at that moment.

"Wait," she said. "How cruel you are! I can't——"

He gently unloosed her fingers. "You can't run with the hare and hunt with the hounds," he said. "No one can, Patricia."

And he left her standing in the moonlight, with the shadow of a new regret creeping over her heart.

But when he reached the garden of his hotel, he found the "blue-eyed cousin" waiting for him.

"We missed you so all day," she said. "We wished we had not gone without you—at least, I did. And this is your last evening, so I waited up to say good-bye."

The blue eyes were tender and tear-laden; the voice rang true; and Burford recalled the lesson of the caterpillars.

"It's not good-bye," he said, "it's only good-night, little girl. I'm going back to Town to-morrow to get my orders from the Foreign Office; but I don't start for a fortnight at least. There's time for a good deal to happen in a fortnight, isn't there?"

"Is there?" she murmured.

"Yes—there's time to get married," he answered. "Shall we?"

And a week later, Patricia heard, with mixed feelings, of two engagements—the outcome of the English season at Biarritz. Burford Haydon, King's Messenger, to his cousin, only daughter and heiress of the well-known banker; and the Count de Brias to Euphrosyne Yapp, only daughter and heiress of the great New York contractor, Peter Yapp.

"You seem to have mismanaged both those young men," said old Lady March, disagreeably, as they travelled North. "I quite thought one or other of them would make you an offer. Perhaps the Count thought you mercenary, and Mr. Haydon feared you might be extravagant. He probably knew you had no private means. I do my best for you now; but the future is your own affair."

And Patricia, looking this dismal fact in the face, with Burford's last speech ringing in her ears, decided that he was right—and that in future she would run straight.

BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

A Charming Singer

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Adrienne Augarde, who is now playing in "The New Aladdin" at the Gaiety

After singing in the chorus in several of Mr. George Edwardes' productions, she was given a leading rôle in *The Duchess of Dantzig*, and afterwards created the title-rôle in *Lady Madcap*. Her greatest success has probably been that of one of *The Little Michus* at Daly's

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORY.—No. 69.

AN EASTER EGG

"I THINK that little affair is off," said Lady Smurthley, quietly.

She was always quiet. *Malice prepense* was to her the salt of life, and while she sprinkled everything with it freely, she did so without violence of gesture or elevation of voice.

"Sir Charles is just the sort of man," she continued, "to find pleasure in a romantic marriage, provided there were enough difficulties in the way. Men are still hunters at heart, even in top hats; they like the excitement of the chase. Miss Jessica Grant succumbed too readily."

"You think he has sheered off?" inquired Mrs. Hugo, negligently.

She was still a bride, and devoted to her big, rich, Australian husband; wherefore the annexation of Sir Charles Haviland, either by Lady Smurthley or Miss Grant, was a matter of indifference to her.

"I have eyes," answered her ladyship, briefly.

"They certainly seem less together the last few days," admitted another woman. "It's rather hard lines on Miss Grant, isn't it? Such a brilliant chance for her! He is a charming man."

"I can imagine Mrs. Majendie's face," remarked Lady Smurthley, "if her pet eligible proposed to her companion. She chose Miss Grant out of about five hundred applicants, because she was devoid of relations. She said it was philanthropy—but it wasn't."

"What was it then?" asked someone.

"She likes to be Lady Paramount to everyone connected with her. Orphans are one of her fads. But she prides herself on the success of her house-parties. She says she always asks the right people to meet each other. And she certainly did not ask Sir Charles to meet Miss Grant."

"No? Whom did she ask him to meet?" queried Mrs. Hugo, ingenuously.

There was no answer, but everyone in the room looked at Lady Smurthley, who returned their gaze serenely.

"I think, if Sir Charles had been serious, Mrs. Majendie would have forbidden the banns," she said.

"Whose banns?" asked a gay voice at the door. And Roy Majendie, who had just blossomed into a field battery, came in, followed by his friend, John Hilary, a grave young naval lieutenant a good deal his senior.

"Miss Jessica Grant's," replied Lady Smurthley equably.

"She's going to be married?" demanded Roy, with a quick glance at his friend.

"No—I fancy she's not going to be."

"Good egg!" he said, with a relieved laugh. "You gave me quite a shock, Lady Smurthley. People are so sudden nowadays; they go off before one has time to—to save up for a wedding-present. Besides, what would Aunt Agatha do?"

"Without her useful companion, you mean?" said Lady Smurthley.

"Useful be hanged!" returned Roy. "She's a jolly, ripping companion—that's what she is. I wish she was mine."

"Let us hope the wish is mutual, for your sake; but I think Mrs. Majendie has other views for her favourite nephew." Lady Smurthley rose with the air of one dismissing a boring subject.

She was looking handsomer than usual this April morning, with some touches of white about her widow's dress that hinted at possible consolation, and were eminently becoming.

John Hilary gave her a glance of unqualified disapproval. "Do you mind if I go to the billiard-room, Majendie?" he said, *sotto voce*.

"Right you are! I'll come, too," answered Roy; but as they reached the door it opened and admitted Jessica herself. She looked an epitome of Spring in her lilac dress with its white ribbons, the sunshine glinting in her bronze hair and shining in the golden-brown of her eyes.

People never called Jessica Grant either beautiful or pretty, but she had that indefinable radiating charm about her that comes from some inner grace of fascination, and is like the ineffable sweetness at the heart of a rose.

"I have brought messages from Mrs. Majendie," she said, looking round the morning-room, with a smile. "She says there are bridge and dominoes in the boudoir, and she wants someone to make up a four. Also, she has been asked to take a party over to the Duchess's Charity Theatricals to-night, and she hopes you will all come. And how many of you are going to the Links, because she will order the carriages now? Lady Smurthley"—she turned, with a trace of hesitation in her voice—"do you wish to drive yourself in the Ralli again?"

"Please," Lady Smurthley answered; "I'll run Sir Charles over to the Links, as I did yesterday."

The colour ebbed suddenly in Jessica's cheeks, and left her so pale that Mr. Hilary made an involuntary step towards her, but she recovered herself at once, and her voice was steady as she said: "Very well; I'll tell Mrs. Majendie. Mr. Hilary, what do you wish to do? Will you play golf, too?"

"Won't you entertain me?" he asked, hardily. "Let us go for a walk."

She smiled. "I'm afraid not," she said. "I am going to look after the flowers."

"Better come to the Links, Mr. Hilary," put in Lady Smurthley. "We'll have a foursome."

"Thanks, but I should prefer to potter about the garden."

"You sailor-men seem to lose all your energy when you come ashore. You are such willing captives."

"In what way?" he asked, coldly.

"It only needs a bit of string to tie you up—a woman's apron-string."

"It depends on the woman," he said, and, turning on his heel, left her.

"You are piqued, and you will show your hand all the more openly for it," murmured her ladyship to herself. "That will play my game for me—*ça ira*."

She was well content with her own diplomacy, and during the next few days watched Mr. Hilary's increasing attentions to Miss Grant, and Sir Charles's

(*Continued on page 34*)

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Where Winter Lingers Still

Photo THE WALK FROM ST. MORITZ TO PONTRESINA *Reynolds*

(*Continued from page 32*)

growing coldness in the same direction, with a sense of satisfied triumph.

It was absolutely necessary for her to start the season *fiancée* to some rich man; for she had been extravagant during her widowhood, and there were difficulties with dressmakers that must be settled, either by substantial payments or equally substantial promises. Sir Charles Haviland suited her in every way, and she had begun to place a long-standing flirtation with him on a firmer footing.

The only obstacle to her plans had been this sudden inclination on his part to seek out Mrs. Majendie's companion; but now that was nipped in the bud Lady Smurthley felt secure. She had arranged to leave Strangham Paddocks on the same day as Sir Charles, and, if he still hesitated, he was to receive his *coup de grace* that night in Town, at a little restaurant-and-play party she had planned. Twice during the week a touch of uneasiness came to her when Sir Charles's absence from the amusement of the moment seemed unaccounted for.

But the look on Jessica's face, as the days went on, reassured her. It was preoccupied, troubled, wistful; she was evidently taking Sir Charles's desertion to heart, and was not inclined to accept either John Hilary or Roy Majendie in his place. And she was obviously not at all happy in her post as companion to the rich, exacting, hard-featured, and hard-voiced Scotch-American who employed her.

"I provide you with a decent home and a decent salary," Mrs. Majendie said to her one day, when her sharp eyes detected the lurking admiration in Roy's face. "I expect you to make yourself agreeable, in the ordinary way, to all my guests, but at the same time to remember your position and keep your place," the emphasis on the last three words intimating the double meaning attached to them.

It was on the last day of the Easter party that Fate dealt Lady Smurthley a trump card, which she played at once for all it was worth.

The breakfast-tables were full when she descended, and she walked with her usual slow decision to the one presided over by Jessica, at which Sir Charles, Mr. Hilary, and Roy were all seated.

"Did you ever play 'forfeits' any of you?" Lady Smurthley said, as she took her place. "It was the favourite game of my childhood. 'Here's a pretty thing and a very pretty thing, and what shall be done to the owner of this very pretty thing'?"

She held up, as she spoke, a stud, which everyone recognised as belonging to Sir Charles. It was one of two black pearls set in diamonds, egg-shaped, perfect in lustre and in similarity, and of great value.

There was a pause, and then Sir Charles said: "I hadn't missed it. Where did you find it, Lady Smurthley?"

"It was lying just inside a bedroom door," she answered. "I caught the gleam of something between the carpet and the skirting, and as the room was empty, I ventured to go in and pick it up. Perhaps it was your room, Sir Charles."

"No doubt," he answered.

Lady Smurthley still toyed with the stud.

"It's the little room at the top of three steps, just at the turn of the passage," she said evenly; "it has a green paper and curtains. But I remember now there were a woman's things on the dressing-table. Whose room is it, Miss Grant?"

She looked straight into the girl's eyes, and again the quick colour came and went in Jessica's delicate face as she answered steadily: "Mine."

Lady Smurthley made a little exclamation of amused surprise, and flashed a glance round the table. "Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said, with elaborate embarrassment. "How very stupid of me! The forfeit is yours, then, Miss Grant." And she rolled the stud along the table towards Jessica.

Sir Charles reached out for it calmly. "Thanks," he said; "it's good of you to have taken so much trouble, Lady Smurthley."

It was at this moment Mrs. Majendie entered and said: "Why are you all so quiet; what is happening?"

"Nothing particular," answered Lady Smurthley. "I found a pearl stud that Sir Charles had lost, that is all, and I was just explaining how I came to pick it up in Miss Grant's room."

"Miss Grant's room!" Mrs. Majendie's scandalised face expressed a volume of wrath. "May I ask for your explanation of this, Jessica?"

Jessica rose, white to the lips, and, after one fleeting glance of appeal in the direction of Sir Charles, looked steadily at the incarnation of outraged decorum confronting her. "I have none," she said, in a low voice.

"Then will you kindly go to the boudoir and wait for me there," thundered Mrs. Majendie.

John Hilary sprang to his feet. "One moment, Miss Grant!" he said. "Mrs. Majendie, I am called to Town by the early train, and shall be leaving immediately. I have already given a message from my mother to Miss Grant, asking her to honour us with a visit. If," he turned to Jessica, "you should find that you are able to come to us at once, I need not say how pleased my mother will be. She would send the carriage to meet you, if you wired the time of your arrival."

There was dead silence for an instant, and then Sir Charles walked up to him and held out his hand.

"Thank you, Hilary," he said, "in the name of my wife and myself. Mrs. Majendie," he continued, addressing his hostess, "it is time to clear up this little misunderstanding. Jess and I were married, two days ago, at the Strangham registrar's, by special licence. We both of us dislike fuss of any kind, and we preferred, for various reasons, to have a quiet wedding. I should have taken her straight away that day, but my aunt, Lady Althea, wished to see Jess before we left on our trip—we are going for a yachting honeymoon round the world—and she has hurried home from Mentone on purpose. I was going to take my wife there to-morrow. As it is, I think if you will excuse Lady Haviland, we will start by the early train, with Hilary."

The breathless pause that ensued was broken by Roy, who, paralysed with surprise, had been sitting with one hand holding a spoon suspended in mid-air.

He brought it down on his egg now with a crash, saying: "*Bon Œuf!* Ripping, I call it. Haviland, it's myself wishes I was in your shoes this day."

And in the general laughter and babel of congratulations, Lady Smurthley made a graceful, but unnoticed, exit. BEATRICE HERON-MAXWELL.

Salmon Fishing on the Tay

Mr. M. E. Sanderson playing a fine salmon at Burn Mouth, on the Tay

Most of the salmon taken on this river are caught from boats. After the fish is hooked, the angler lands, and follows the fish, his object being to keep opposite his prospective catch as much as possible. The great thing for the beginner to remember is to keep the rod held well up, as in this picture, so that, when the fish gives a sudden rush, the rod acts like a spring

Photos *Clarke and Hyde*

The Catch: A fine specimen weighing 20 lb.

In spite of blizzards, excellent sport has recently been had on the Tay, where Mr. Sanderson, a well-known fisherman, killed a 36 lb. salmon the other day

Golf Notes and Notions

"Keep Your Eye on the Ball"

When a beginner, having duly equipped himself with the implements of the game, starts out to the first tee under the escort of a kindly friend, or a professional, and the inevitable caddie, what is the first piece of advice which is usually given to him? I venture to say that it is nearly always couched in some such terms as these: "Now, mind you keep your eye on the ball." Whereupon, the first tee having been reached, the usual tragedies of a beginner's arduous life are enacted. In most cases the unlucky wretch takes a mighty swipe at the ball, in emulation of his friend or the professional, who will probably have driven a tuitional shot just to show him how it is done, and to his horror and astonishment entirely misses the ball. Then he hears the exasperating phrase which will haunt him during the watches of many a weary night of his golfing *via dolorosa*. "Ah! you didn't keep your eye on the ball. You must glue your eye to the ball. Now mind this next time, keep your eye firmly fixed on the ball."

"Keep Your Head Steady"

How many of us have received that extra bit of warning which ought to form the invariable prelude to the stereotyped phrase which forms the title of my article? How many, I ask, have been told that invaluable maxim, "Keep your head steady"? Very few, I fear. And yet, without that monition, the player cannot possibly understand at its full meaning or value the time-honoured advice about watching the ball. Put shortly, it comes to this. If a man moves his head during the swing, he cannot keep his eye on the ball. *Per contra*, if he keeps his head steady he will hardly ever fail to watch the ball properly. I know a great player and judge of the game who sizes up the form of players who are new to him by watching their heads during the execution of their strokes. If a man keeps his head steady, my friend, *ceteris paribus*, passes him as a player in preference to the shifty-headed man. Therefore, my friends, when you initiate a pal into the mysteries of the great game, do not omit to preface all that golden advice which you generously intend to pour out on his devoted head by inculcating the prime maxim of the game: "Keep your head steady."

"Don't Look Up Too Soon"

But I want to go a little further into the matter than I should if merely considering the case of the beginner. The oldest hands at the game have days when they find it impossible to time the ball properly. In most cases their trouble is due to their moving their head too soon after striking the ball. You will hear a player say, "Oh, confound it, I looked up too soon," when he has duffed his shot. But I am not sure that there is not a Charybdis to this Scylla, in the shape of a too prolonged attention after the stroke to the spot which the ball has occupied. I have only once seen this point mentioned by any authority on the game, and that was by Braid, who, however, omitted to go scientifically into the subject, and merely said that it was almost as bad to keep the eyes fixed on the ground too long after the stroke as to take them off the ball too soon either just before or during the stroke. Taylor advocates keeping the eye on the spot occupied by the ball even after the stroke is finished. How soon does he look up to see the result of his stroke? Is it possible that his off-days, however rare, are due to his not looking up soon enough? No doubt most of us err on the non-Taylor side, and look up too soon. May we not, however, in our anxiety to avoid this common fault, fall into the opposite extreme and commit the vice of not looking up soon enough? There is no doubt in my mind that the solution of the problem of the proper moment to look up will bring with it the solution of the correct timing of the ball.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photo] A Meet of the Old Surrey Staghounds: The Field [*Abrey*

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

Hunting in Kent

The Tickham Foxhounds, whose recent meet in the West Kent country is shown in our illustrations, have for many years held rank as one of the smartest packs in the South-Eastern counties. The death of Mr. W. E. Rigden, one of the best judges of horse and hound of his day, and a universal favourite with the farmers and the followers of his pack, was a great blow to the Hunt in 1904. But Mrs. Rigden expressed her willingness to carry on the hounds on much the same lines as during her husband's time. The offer was gladly accepted, and this excellent sportswoman became one of the gradually increasing band of lady Masters of Foxhounds.

Photo *Miss Kendall*

A Coming Quorn Follower: Col. Fawcett's son

Mr. George Evans has assisted her in the management of the country, hunting the pack in the field, and the Tickham people are well satisfied with the sport that has been enjoyed under the present *régime*. On the occasion of their meet at Leigh village over 150 horsemen assembled to greet the hounds, and there was a whole host of carriage and motor folk. In fact, it was quite a record gathering for these parts. Happily, there was good sport to follow. The first fox soon went to ground in the rocks at Redleaf, but a second, found in the Powder Mills alder-beds, crossed the Medway, and led the chase through the Hayesdens and up over the Bidborough

Photo *W. Abrey*

The Tickham Foxhounds, which met by invitation, recently, in the West Kent country

The assemblage of hunting people was a record for this part of the county, and some good sport was subsequently enjoyed, as described above

Ridge, where he was left, as the Tickham men were anxious to catch their special train at Sevenoaks.

The South Cheshire's Last Season

Peculiar interest attaches to the accompanying photographs of the South Cheshire Hounds because, in all probability, this will be their last season as a separate pack. At present, it is the intention of the Duke of Westminster, who was recently appointed to the Mastership of the Cheshire Hunt, to re-unite the North and South divisions of the country, and hunt them five days a week, just as was done in the old days. It has already been mentioned in these pages that this decision has caused some regret in South Cheshire, the reason being that it involves the end of Mr. Reginald Corbet's Mastership, which is associated with nothing but pleasant memories to all who have ridden with his smart and workmanlike bitches.

South Cheshire Hounds: The meet at Cholmondeley Schools

These hounds will probably be given up at the end of the season, the Duke of Westminster, the newly elected M.F.H., having decided to re-unite the North and South Divisions of Cheshire

Left to right: Alfred Earp (1st whip), Miss Ethel Nixon, Mr. Starkey, of Marbury Hall, Whitchurch, the hon. sec. of the pack

Some More Hunt Changes

As may well be imagined, Lord Fitzwilliam will have his hands very full next season with the management of his own Yorkshire country and that which is now known as Lord Galway's. He has decided, consequently, to give up his hounds in Ireland, and a new Master is required for that pack. The followers of the neighbouring Wexford Foxhounds are also looking for a new leader, Mr. R. W. Hall-Dare having handed in his resignation after five seasons in the command, during which period he has unquestionably improved the pack and shown good sport. These vacancies have only recently been announced, and they go to swell the rather formidable list of empty Masterships, from which the young sportsman anxious to take hounds can now make a wide selection. Fortunately, we have new appointments to announce as well as resignations. Mr. Washington Singer, who has not been in very good health, and is now on the other side of the world, cabled home his intention of giving up the South Devon Hounds, which will, accordingly, be sold next month. Already this gap has been filled, Mr. Hubert Brunskill having arranged to go from the Silverton to the South Devon country. Mr. Singer's hounds are an exceptionally good lot, possessing much of the valuable Four Burrow blood, and they are sure to realise plenty of money under the hammer. A. W. C.

Photos *R. Brown*

South Cheshire Hounds: The kill near Tern Hill Station

After what was considered by many prominent members to be the fastest and most brilliant run of the season. On the left is standing Earp (1st whip), while Mr Reg. Corbet, the Master, is in the centre

Salmon Fishing on the Tay

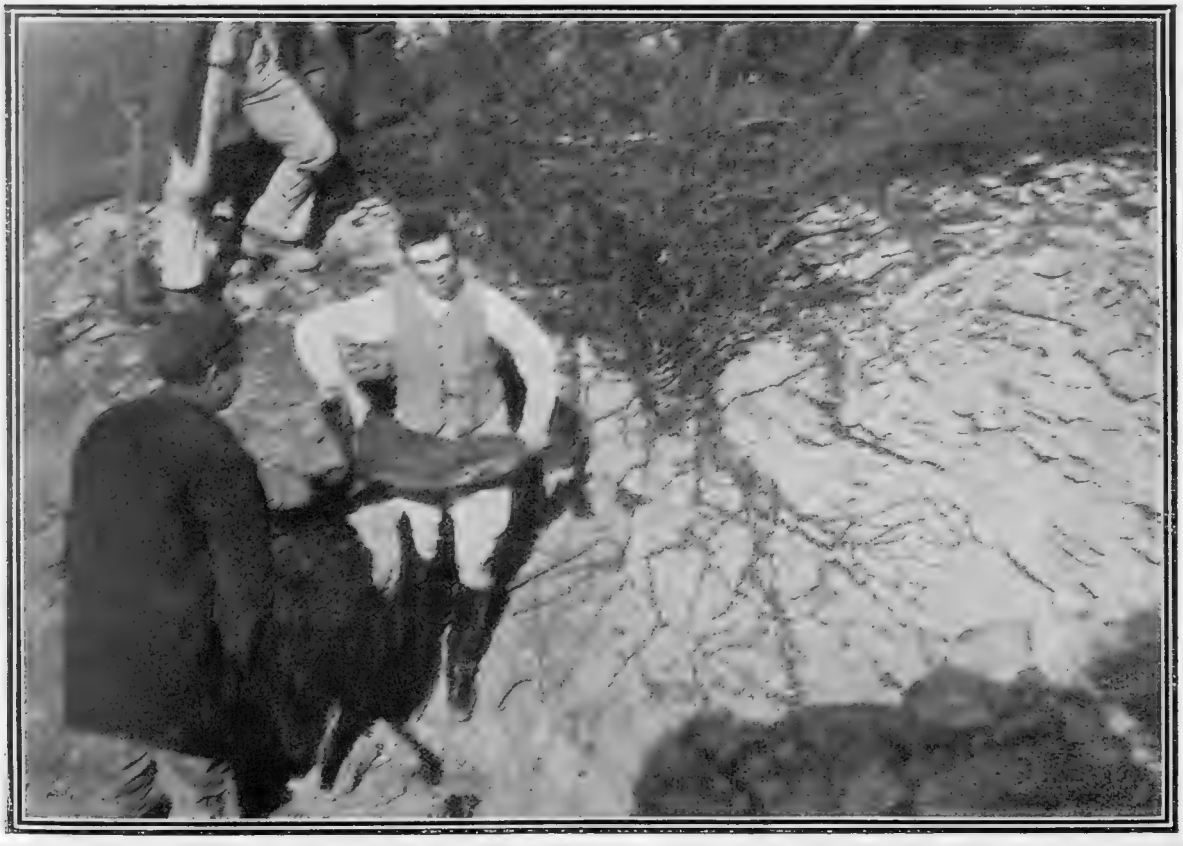
Some excellent sport has been enjoyed by salmon anglers on the Tay in spite of blizzards. Our illustrations on p. 35 show an angler playing a fish on the famous Burn Mouth Pool, and the same angler (Mr. M. E. Sanderson) with the fish safely landed. Nearly all the salmon taken by anglers on the Tay are caught from boats. After the fish is hooked, the angler lands at some suitable spot, and often has to follow the fish a considerable distance, scrambling over the rocks and lifting the line over bushes, his object being to keep opposite the fish as much as possible. The great thing for the beginner to remember is to keep the rod held well up; then, when the salmon gives a sudden rush after swimming quietly for a time, the elasticity of the rod prevents the gut or the hold being broken. The rod acts like a spring, against which the fish pulls. It is delightfully exciting to hold a big salmon rod up with the one arm, with the butt levered against your body, while you keep a tight line on him, and wind in or let out line with the other—and it is pretty tiring work, too. In Spring-fishing on the Tay the kelts are the great nuisance, especially on the Murthly Castle and Birnam beats. I have lugged out enough "well-mended" and other kelts there to last me my lifetime. What a blessing it is when, at last, a clean, shapely "fish" takes your line out with a run and shows itself at the end of it. R. B. Marston.

Run to Ground!

AN INCIDENT WITH THE COTSWOLD FOXHOUNDS

Scene I.: Gone to Ground!

The Cotswold Pack, meeting recently at Leckhampton, ran their fox to ground after a good gallop. Observe the first whipper-in at the bottom of photo looking into the earth



Photos] **Scene II.: And After!** *[Miss F. Agg*

The first whipper-in (Charlie Beacham) holding up the fox, which has just been bolted from the rocks

THE CARE AND DECORATION OF THE LAWN

The Cherry as a Lawn Tree

It is curious that fruit-trees should almost invariably be confined to the kitchen-garden. What can be more beautiful than a cherry when covered with snowy blossoms in Spring? And later in the year, when decked with its red fruit, it is scarcely less ornamental. The Japanese place it in the forefront of decorative plants, because of its beauty of form, as well as of the colouring of its flowers, and it certainly is more deserving of a position on our lawns than many other trees that are often seen there. If the conditions are favourable—it grows best over chalk, but badly in wet soil—it attains a large size, the height of a cherry at Hopeton House being estimated many years ago at seventy feet, and as it does not throw a very dense shade, grass and most other plants will grow under it, and climbing roses may be allowed to ramble up among the branches. Sometimes an exudation of gum results in a loss of strength, which may end in collapse. It nearly always originates at a wound caused by an accident, or by injudicious pruning. The knife should be used on the cherry as little as possible, and all wounds should be tarred over. Aphides are sometimes a trouble, and no tree infested by these insects is pleasant to sit under. But if it is sprayed with any ordinary insecticide about the present time, and once or twice again later in the season, they will all be cleared away.

Care of the Lawn

Of course, the objection to trees on the lawn is that the grass will not grow under many of them. There are, however, some kinds of grass which will grow better than others, and seeds of these, specially selected for the purpose, may be obtained from any good firm. They should be sown without delay and covered with a slight sprinkling of leaf-mould, which should then be rolled firm. Any other bare patches may be sown at the same time. But whether by pieces of netting, or by some other means, sparrows must be kept away, otherwise they will eat every seed; and the young plants must be supplied with moisture throughout the summer. What they suffer from most under trees is drought. Given plenty of water—and perhaps a very slight sprinkling of nitrate in June, and again early in August—grass will grow fairly in any but a very dense shade. Daisies, dandelions, and other weeds are now beginning to assert themselves. Certainly the most effectual way to get rid of them is to cut them out, taking care to extract the whole of the root in each case, but for most people this is too slow, too laborious, and too expensive. There is only one other way, and that is to use some such salt as sulphate of ammonia, the active ingredient in what is sold under the name of "lawn sand." One ounce per square yard should be applied evenly in dry weather in April—no more, or the grass will be burned—and the same quantity in May, and again in June, and finally in July. If this is done, it will not only immensely improve the grass, but will kill every broad-leaved weed, such as daisies, plantains, and dandelions. There is no mystery about its action. The sulphate, which is in the form of a fine powder, is a powerful fertiliser to the roots, but is destructive to foliage. As it falls off the narrow, upright leaves of the grass, it does not injure them, but the flat, broad leaves of the weeds on which it lies are destroyed; and if this is repeated three or four times the weeds themselves die from exhaustion.

H. C. Davidson.

An Ideal Lawn

Leaf-mould, and a sprinkling of nitrate in June, will greatly assist the growth of the grass in the shade of trees

Hatching as a Hobby

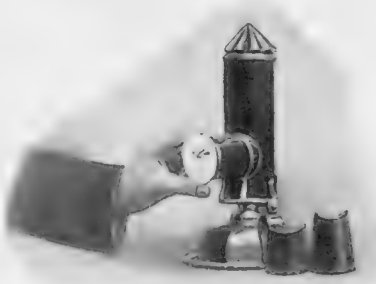
Modern science has brought incubators to such a pitch of perfection that anyone who cares to do so can, at a very nominal cost, and by carefully following certain rules, convert in a short space of time the homely breakfast egg into a lively little healthy ball of feathers.

Methods of Working

The nearer artificial processes approach nature the better the results. This being so, the incubation of eggs is not likely to be successful unless the following matters are provided for. The heat is transmitted from the hen's body downwards. This being so, the incubator is provided with a tank of water through which passes the lamp-flue, which will be seen immediately above the lamp-chimney in the photograph. This flue takes a turn to the left as soon as it reaches the tank, and passes through same in such a manner that the water is kept heated; and, by a process of packing of some non-conducting material above the tank, but not below, the heat is thrown downwards into the air-chamber immediately beneath upon the eggs, which are lying in the drawer, which is shown open in the photo.

Owing to the possibilities of the water in the tank being either under or overheated by reason of the lamp being either too low or too high, it becomes necessary, for the purpose of maintaining an even temperature in the egg-chamber, that some means of regulating matters should be devised. When once the regulator has been fixed correctly, it is possible, in a properly manufactured machine, for the air in the egg-chamber to be kept within half a degree of whatever temperature is desired automatically.

There is a tray of water immediately beneath the bottom of the egg-drawer, which, by a process of permitting fresh air to filter through a damp cloth placed therein, the desired amount of humidity in the egg-chamber is obtained.



Tamlin's Egg-Testing Lamp

An egg-testing lamp, by the assistance of which it is possible to tell the "live" from the "dead" egg

Good and Bad Eggs

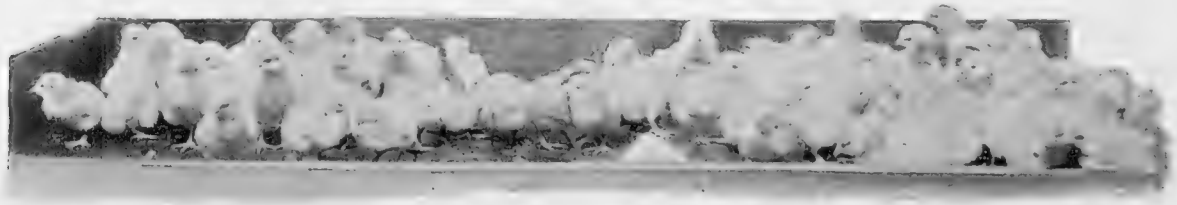
The germ floats on top of the egg, and this being so, if it remains in the same position for too long, it is likely to become glued or stuck to the inside of the shell, when it would quickly die. It is necessary, therefore, to turn the eggs daily to obtain the best results. If the incubator is a reliable one, the only matters that require attention after regulating the machine, and placing the eggs in the drawer, is an expenditure of, possibly, a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes morning and evening in turning the eggs and attending to the lamp.

During the process of incubation the eggs gradually engender a considerable amount of animal heat of their own as the chick within develops. This being so, if the hatch is to be a successful one, those eggs that are unfertile, or which, for some cause or other, are not hatching, should be removed, as otherwise they are likely to injure "the live" eggs which are near them by reducing the temperature in their immediate vicinity.

By holding up to the light, unfertile eggs will show clear, addled will be dark in patches, while the good eggs will clearly show a dark substance, with blood vessels radiating therefrom. H. P. Scatli F.

The Tamlin Incubator

A sixty-egg incubator, manufactured by W. Tamlin, of Twickenham, just bringing off a hatch. Some of the chicks have been transferred from the "egg-chamber" to the "drying-box" above



Mirth of the Moment

OLD SAWS (Illustrated)

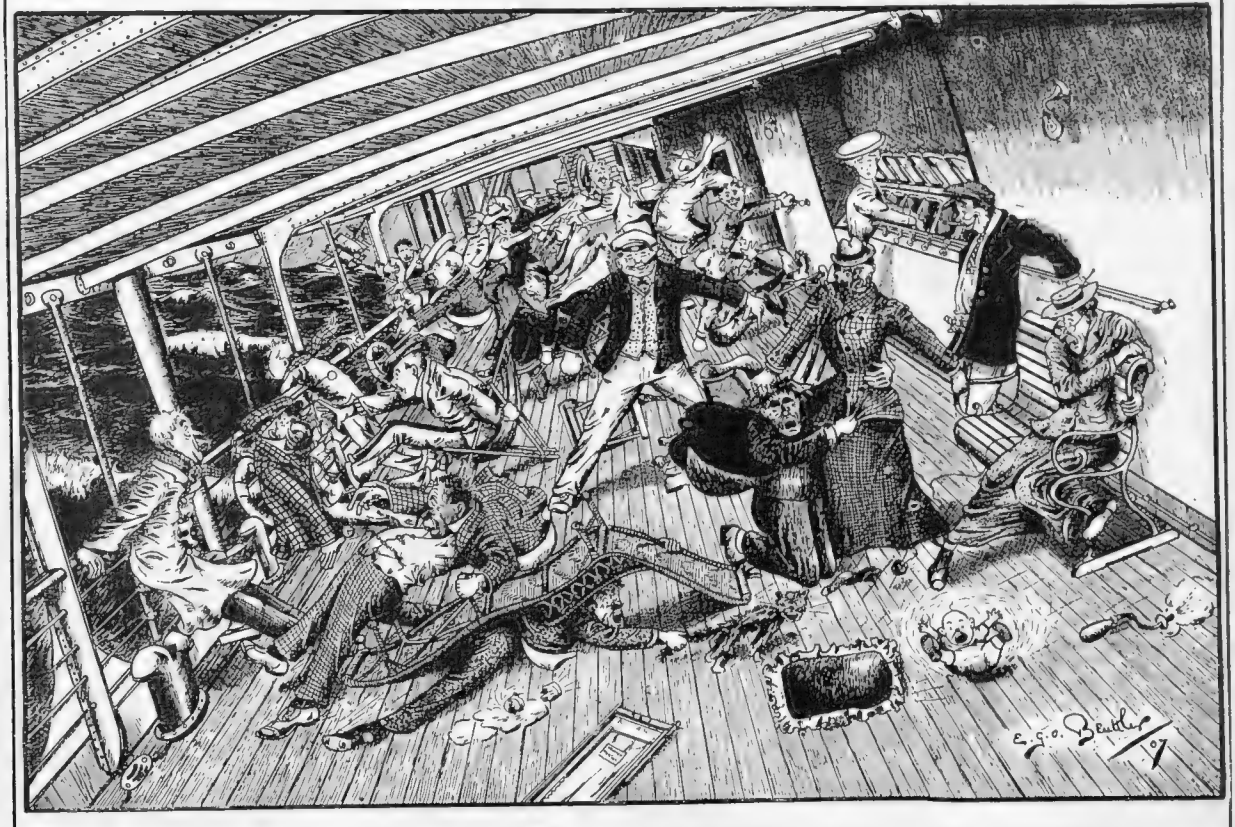
"There is a Divinity that shapes our ends"

By C. Garstin

Amateur (*his first attempt*): "And you—er—saw the picture safely unpacked?"
Carrier (*with an eye to larger tip*): "Yussir, and they weren't '*alf* glad to get it, neither; not as 'ow they *said* nothin', but the way they *laughed* when they'd 'ad a look at it was afair knock aht!"

By Hope Read

THE DEAR OLD CHANNEL CHOPS



Shall There Be a Channel Tunnel?: Some people in favour of the reform—signifying the same in the usual way

By E. G. O. Beuttier

Yachting Prospects: The Big Boats

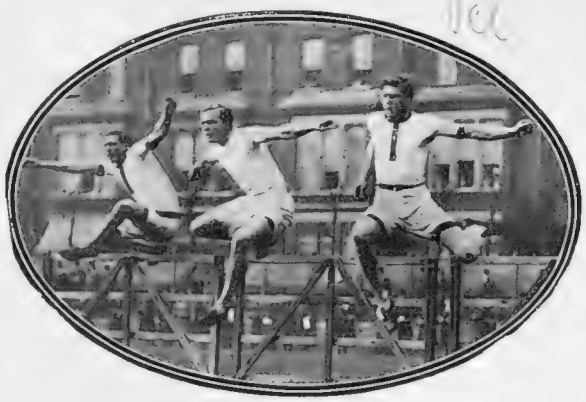
It is a good omen for the future of the new International rating rule that two big cutters are building for Sir James Pender and Mr. M. B. Kennedy, to compete in the first class against Mr. Robert Young's *Nyria*, which made such a successful *début* last season. The old rule, though satisfactory enough in itself as a producer of beautiful and speedy vessels, tended also to produce a type of boat which was a mere shell, and fit only for racing purposes; for, since the rule permitted it, everything was sacrificed to lightness, and the modern racer was not, in the strict sense of the term, a sea-going ship at all. Consequently, when her racing career of, say, two or three seasons duration was over, she was practically valueless; for, if not actually worn out, owing to the flimsiness of her construction, no one would buy her as a cruiser, and the owner would, therefore, get nothing of his original outlay back beyond the price she would fetch for breaking-up purposes, so that it cannot be wondered at that owners were chary of building, and that there was a slump in class racing. The most marked feature of the new rule is that it insists upon a certain solidity of construction, and the result will be that a yacht which is really capable of going to sea and staying there will always have her value as a cruiser, even though she may fail or become outclassed as a racer. That some such restriction upon excessive lightness was bound to come in time was shown by the gradual evolution of the cruiser-racer — a boat which was a racer in every respect but that of weight of hull and internal fittings, and whose owner preferred to build for the cruiser and handicap classes rather than risk failure and total loss of capital on an out-and-out racer. Such boats are *Brynhild* and *White Heather*, while last year Mr. Young built *Nyria* as a racer, but in conformity with, and in anticipation of, the rule which has since become law. How Sir James Pender last year converted *White Heather* from a yawl into a cutter, and Mr. Kennedy tuned up *Kariad* in order to race against the new boat, and how *Nyria* nearly always won, is now a matter of history. *White Heather* has been sold to Mr. Sedgewick, and will be reconverted into a yawl, while *Kariad* has been broken up; but the places of these two will be taken by the new boats already referred to; and the trio should make the racing in the first class as interesting as it was in *Britannia's* time. In the handicap and "A" classes, *White Heather*, the cutter *Merrymaid*, and the schooners *Meteor*, *Susanne*, and *Clara*, with the yawl *Valdora* (now the property of Mr. Price), will form the nucleus.

The 'Varsity Sports: The Quarter Mile

The close finish in the Quarter between C. M. and N. G. Chavasse, of Trinity, Oxford, sons of the Bishop of Liverpool. N. G. was leading twenty yards from home, but C. M. just beat him on the tape

The 52-Footers, etc.

Another effect of the new rating rule will be that we shall have gradually to accustom ourselves to talking in mètres instead of feet or tons. The big boats, for instance, will be the 23-mètre class, and the 52-footers will become the 15-mètre class. This class, remarkable for its success and for the marvellous skill with which the boats were handled last year, is likely to provide even better sport still, for *Maymon*, *Sonya*, *Britomart*, and *Moyana* will be reinforced by two new boats building for Mr. Talbot Clifton and Mr. Yates, and it will be interesting to see whether the old "52's" can be improved upon. Among small yacht sailors the 6-mètre class is already being introduced at Burnham, and is likely to be popular all round the coast. The first actual regatta fixture is the International Regatta at Nice on April 15, while the English season proper begins a month later. But the small raters of the Upper Thames, which are forced, owing to the crowded state of the river in the summer, to do nearly all their racing in the spring and autumn, are already on the move, and the sight of these pretty little craft darting about at Bourne End, Teddington, and elswhere serves to remind us forcibly that the season of their big sisters of the sea is close at hand.



The Hurdle Race

The Hurdle race, which Kenneth Powell, Cambridge (in the centre), won in 15⅘ secs., thereby beating the record for the hurdles in these sports, and equalling the British Amateur record made by A. C. Kraenzlein in 1901

The Tamesis Sailing Club Match at Teddington: Manœuvring at the buoy before the start

Delicia (Messrs. Stewart and Lewis), the winner, is shown on the right

Public Schools' Gymnastics

At the Public Schools' Gymnastic, Boxing, and Fencing Competition at Aldershot, St. Paul's School did exceptionally well. Two brothers, C. O. and G. A. Lilley, both Paulines, won the middle and heavy-weight boxing, H. T. Stiven being second in the "Feathers"; while in the Gymnastic Competition, St. Paul's was first, out of thirty-four schools, with 194 marks, and her representative, W. G. Hull, also won the individual prize with 100½ points. Harrow was second, and the Blundell's representative, C. G. Dickson, gained the second individual prize.

Two Records and a Muddle

The outstanding features of the 'Varsity sports — apart from Oxford's unexpectedly, and almost unprecedently, easy win —were the records made by Powell and Stevens respectively in the Hurdles and the Hammer, and the muddle over the dead-heat in the Hundred. If the contest had not been a 'Varsity contest, there would, probably, have been more talk about this last-mentioned incident than there was. As it turned out, the ruling of the Stewards, whose unpleasant duty it was to ignore the decision of the referee, because it was asked for and given under a misapprehension, was awaited and received with due decorum; and I only observed one individual whose feelings appeared to have got the better of his discretion. But I cannot help thinking that it would be better if the judging at these sports were entrusted to men who are at it, more or less, every week, and who, moreover, are not 'Varsity men. For we all know that 'Varsity chivalry almost compels a 'Varsity man, when in doubt, to give the benefit of it to the other side; and the story goes that, in this particular case, the Oxford judge *in the first instance* thought that McLeod (Cambridge) had won, while the Cambridge judge was inclined to give his verdict in favour of Chavasse (Oxford), although they finally agreed that they could not separate the men. But in the meantime the mischief was done, and the referee was somehow (it matters not how) induced to give a decision—in the belief that they had disagreed —which was really *ultra vires*. My suggestion would, I think, reduce the risk of a *contretemps* of this kind occurring in the future.

Powell's Record

Doubts have also been cast upon the genuineness of Powell's time, $15^{3}/_{5}$, in the Hurdles, which is not only a new record for the 'Varsity sports, but ties with Kraenzlein's British Amateur record. For I believe I am right in saying that, although Kraenzlein did $15^{2}/_{5}$ in England in 1900, it was not passed by the A. A. A. on account of the fact that he was helped by a strong wind, and that his $15^{3}/_{5}$ at Stamford Bridge in 1901 stands as the British Amateur record. The argument, of course, is that Kraenzlein was an absolute marvel, than whom, etc., etc. So he was, but possibly Powell is a marvel, too. What is, perhaps, more to the point is that Powell is known to have

Photos] **The Start for the Tamesis Sailing Club Match at Teddington** [*Graphic Photo Agency*

TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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struck the fourth hurdle pretty hard, and that Hussey finished within a foot of him. Well, anyhow, it was about the prettiest hurdle race I have ever seen. The two men, going neck and neck and stride for stride the whole way, looked like one, and it was not until the last hurdle that Powell just showed in front, and kept there in the run in. I prefer to think that the timing was correct; and I hope that subsequent events will prove it to have been so.

Well Played, Noel!

My heartiest congratulations to E. B. Noel on his victory in the Amateur Racquets Championship. He told me, before the competition began, that he did not particularly fancy his chance because he had been devoting a good deal of his time to tennis, and when he had got to the final he told me further, with his usual modesty, that he deemed himself lucky to have got so far. Perhaps he was—particularly in catching Eustace Miles when he was still feeling the effects of a gruelling game on the previous day—but for all that no one will grudge him his win. Luck is fittingly associated with the same word, prefixed by the letter "p," and Noel, besides knowing the game thoroughly, is a sticker of the very first order, and a man who can pull out his very best at the most crucial period of the game. If only for the way in which he gradually got on terms with his brilliant opponent in the final, B. S. Foster, after being two games to the bad, and beat him in the last game by 18-13, he deserves everything he has got, and a bit over.

Ritchie's Revenge

If, as I suggested a fortnight ago, Ritchie is H. L. Doherty's *bête noir* at lawn tennis, Wilding is certainly Ritchie's. Speaking from memory, I cannot say how many times Wilding beat Ritchie last year, but I know that the total easily reached double figures. This year, at the Nice tournament, history repeated itself, and Ritchie, although he had triumphed over H. L. Doherty the week before, went down again to Wilding in "straight sets," in which he only managed to pick up three games in the third. It was, therefore, all the more to his credit that at Cannes, a week later, he was able at length to turn the tables upon his most regular conqueror, and I dare swear that the achievement pleased him even more than his Monte Carlo success over "H. L." For at lawn tennis there is nothing harder than to beat a man who is entitled, on previous form, to regard you as his legitimate prey. The truth is that Ritchie on the Riviera has been playing, if not with absolute consistency, yet with greater regularity, the really tip-top game of which he had previously shown himself at rarer intervals to be capable; and if, as seems possible, there are going to be some gaps to be filled in the very front rank of English lawn tennis, I do not altogether despair of his ability to fill one of them with credit, and even with *éclat*.

A Useful Reference Book

A useful little book has just been issued by the Royal Insurance Company, entitled "Records of Sport," in which all the principal records of our various games and sports are collected. I looked up Kraenzlein's hurdle record in it and found that it was correctly given, and since Kraenzlein had previously done a better time which, though in one sense a record, had not been passed, this is evidence that the book has been compiled with due care. Such a book is very useful for a man interested in sport to have on his writing-table for reference, and I understand that the Royal Insurance Company are prepared to supply it gratis to any applicant.

King Alfonso as a Golfer

The King playing with Dr. Glendenning, a young New Zealander, who has recently been appointed Physician to the Queen of Spain. His Majesty is, by the way, a left-handed player

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Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The Bexhill Six-cylinder v. Four-cylinder Competition

I spent a very pleasant day last Saturday with Mr. W. R. Wills, a young gentleman who is associated with the Hon. Lyndhurst Bruce, known to the world as the husband of Miss Camille Clifford and the proprietor of the Waterloo Garage, Chichele Street, York Road. Mr. Wills, an intrepid and brilliant young driver, has become interested in the Weigel car, the "dark horse" of the motor world, and suggested that I should share his opinion that the Weigel car is the finest piece of mechanism the world has yet seen by driving with him to Bexhill to see how the Four *versus* Six-cylinder battle was progressing. The contest, which was arranged by the Crystal Palace Automobile Club, offered baubles in the shape of a gold, a silver, and a bronze medal to those competitors who gained the most marks in a run to Bexhill and back on their top gear, the cars to be ordinary touring cars carrying four passengers. Any time the gear was changed or the engine was stopped it was to be "noted in a book provided for the purpose." At Bexhill a trial took place over Lord De La Warr's track of a half-mile at topmost speed and a hundred yards at the minimum speed. The gold medal now adorns the proud breast of Mr. Cecil Edge, who registered the greatest number of points with his 60 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier, and whose accomplishments on the track were at the rate of 58 miles an hour top speed and 3·48 miles per hour on the minimum speed. The cars competing were, besides the 60 h.-p. Napier: Mr. J. R. Richardson, 28 h.-p. four-cylinder Mass; Mr. H. Gordon Sharp, 16 h.-p. two-cylinder Reo; Mr. A. E. Tubb, 14 h.-p. four-cylinder Vulcan; Mr. Colin Defries, 24 h.-p. four-cylinder Porthos; Mr. A. C. Gibbons, 24 h.-p. four-cylinder Courier; Mr. E. J. Steel, 25 h.-p. six-cylinder Brooke; Mr. J. C. Mort, 30 h.-p. four-cylinder New Engine; Mr. E. A. Anthony, 40 h.-p. six-cylinder Ford; and Mr. A. Cox, 35 h.-p. four-cylinder Maudsley. There were thus three six-cylinder cars competing of 60 h.-p., 40 h.-p., and 25 h.-p. respectively. Considering 25 per cent. of the marks were awarded to the fastest car, I think it will be conceded that the six-cylinders had a distinct advantage at the start, since their average h.-p. was 45, while that of the remainder was about 24. Yet the result has been acclaimed by the followers of the Napier six-cylinder camp as a triumph. "Pelleas," of the *Referee*, in a burst of enthusiasm, declares the result has once again publicly demonstrated the superiority of the six-cylinder type of engine. Oh, "Pelleas"! and your legendary ancestor was noted for his powers of self-restraint!

* * *

Car-icature—No. XX. Mr. D'Arcy Baker

The well-known managing director of the F.I.A.T. Motors in London. On leaving Cambridge he obtained a commission in the 4th Cheshire Regiment. During the South African War he was for two years in command of an armoured train, and also served for a short time as Secretary to Lord Kitchener. A genuine sportsman, he is keenly interested in shooting and racing, besides motoring

(By Alick P. F. Ritchie)

Does it Prove Anything but Price?

This pleasant little outing to Bexhill and back proved only that the 60 h.-p. Napier (and think of the price of it, ye gods!) was the best car of the day. As to proving the superiority of the six-cylinder, it must not be forgotten, "Pelleas," that the average man occasionally keeps his eye on the question of price. If you pay £1,250 or so for a car, you naturally expect it can best a two-cylinder car costing £300 odd, or if it does not it ought to. The idea of the competition is an excellent one, but to make it effective the higher the initial cost of the chassis the higher should be the handicap. Then the Daimler, Rolls-Royce, Humber, Argyll, Weigel, and, in fact, cars that can bring fear to the intrepid spirit of an Edge, would not, probably, be so shy. By the way, I must not forget to mention that Miss Dorothy Levett, as charming as ever, was driving another six-cylinder Napier. She is one of the most graceful and delightful chauffeuses—is that the right word?—although she nearly choked me with her dust coming home. But I freely forgive her.

* * *

A Word About the Weigel Car

Dear me! How I have digressed. I started out to tell all and sundry about the Weigel car. When the Brooklands races begin, and a Weigel car enters, I am a certain backer if Mr. D. M. Gant will make a book. The Weigel is the latest British car—and it *is* British throughout, including the tyres, which are (*verb sap.*) Dunlops, except for the magneto—and it is but a few months since the workshops were opened in Goswell Road. It is the only British car which has entered for the Vanderbilt Cup in America and the Grand Prix in France. Mr. Weigel, though a young man, is a pioneer of motoring. He it was who, in the prehistoric era of 1893, introduced the first petrol car into England, and had a sorry time in the various police-courts for not being preceded by a man waving a red flag. The Weigel 40 h.-p. four-cylinder car has nothing experimental about it. The engine is simple, and has been designed to run on an unusually high (mean) compression. It can run eighteen miles to

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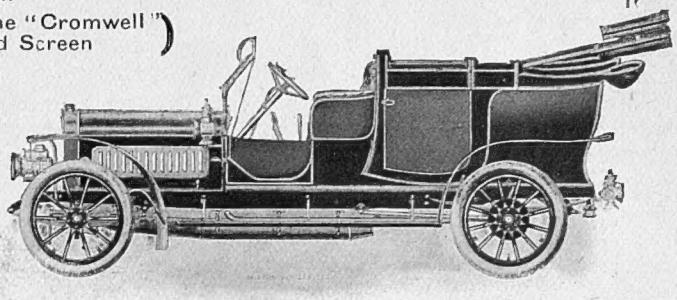

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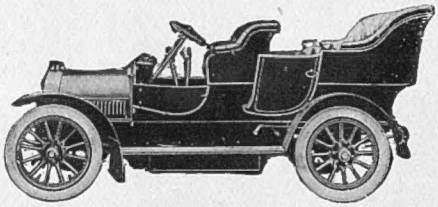

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* * *

The Weigel—Silent Running

I was much impressed by the way the car behaved. Driven on top speed and an open throttle, she was so silent that she might have been an electric car. Indeed, her very silence led to what might have been a serious accident. A man cutting across in front of a tram and hearing no noise charged full into us, but, fortunately, the presence of mind of Mr. Wills caused him no further damage than a slight cut, a torn coat, and a shock, though we lost a mud-guard and broke a lamp. The Weigel car was not a competitor, but we followed the rules—I found myself provided with the note-book—and the engine never stopped while we ran on our top speed to Bexhill and back, except at the top of River Hill, near Sevenoaks, where we changed to third gear for about 150 yards, getting up very fast. Remember, we were not geared specially for the occasion. We covered the half-mile on the Bexhill track at the rate of fifty-two miles an hour, not a bad performance considering we had a temporary body weighing 8 cwt. and five persons aboard. The price of the chassis, including tyres, is £750, and Mr. Weigel offers substantial terms to agents. Anyone on the look-out for a high-powered car at this very moderate figure should communicate with Mr. W. R. Wills, at the Waterloo Garage, who can undertake delivery at an early date.

COMYNS BEAUMONT.

Miscellanea

Just a word to budding motorists. A little book has lately been issued by *The Car* called "The Petrol Engine," price 1*s*. In a simple and lucid way, it explains what every part of a car is for, and anyone wishing to find out "what makes the wheels go round" should get it.

There is a police-trap on the main road through Catford, measured over 220 yards by an American chronometer.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XX. : Mr. D'Arcy Richard Baker

After assimilating the curriculum at Wellington, Mr. D'Arcy Richard Baker, the subject of this week's Car-icature, went up to Cambridge, where he graduated at Trinity in due course. On coming down from the 'Varsity Mr. Baker turned his attention to military matters, and obtained a commission in the 4th Cheshire Regiment. During the South African War Captain Baker was for two years in command of an armoured train, and acted for a brief period as assistant-secretary to Lord Kitchener. Later, Mr. Baker turned from Mars to motoring, and took over the directorship of the famous F.I.A.T. cars in this country. As managing director of F.I.A.T. Motors, Ltd., in London, he has worked wonders in popularising these well-known Italian cars in Britain and the Colonies, and his business career has been marked by uninterrupted success. Mr. D'Arcy Baker holds strong views on the ultimate triumph of the self-propelled vehicle, and spares no effort in advancing the automobile movement. His powers of organisation and genial personality are known and appreciated in all the principal societies for motor development, but his interests are not confined in one direction. Shooting and racing, as well as motoring, claim his attention in their season, and in each he finds an outlet for his genuine sporting proclivities. One of the most unassuming of men, Mr. D'Arcy Baker is a general favourite among his *confrères* in the industry, as well as in the large circle of motoring people with whom he is brought in contact.

D. M.

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FROCKS, FRILLS, AND FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

The calm that will have settled over the shopping land ere these pages pass under the eye of the reading public is one of those providentially arranged things that have a lasting influence. Only those behind the scenes are aware of the many quiet eliminations that take place at such pauses, vogues tentatively put forward, tested, and found wanting prior to Easter; while those of us whose business it is to extract the latest modistic honey from the flower are given a moment to adjust our matter and, incidentally, settle a few small decisions on our own account.

Photo *Reutlinger*

A Dinner Gown, designed by Doucet, Paris

Of black *mousseline de soie*, on a black foundation, trimmed with black velvet ruching

The Impudent Geisha Cap

Among other subjects that have recently cropped up, the question of servants' uniforms has proved a potent attraction to me. The thin end of the wedge, where caps are concerned, is long since passed, the determined wear of the infinitesimal white wisp of muslin or embroidery being only comparable to a solid wedge of declared independence. There is nothing, to my mind, more nearly approaching the ludicrous than the attire of a latter-day servant when on duty. From top to toe it is a protest, worn under compulsion and apologetic throughout. A leading abomination is the cap entitled the Geisha, comprising a couple of minute muslin rosettes, united by a correspondingly small flat oblong of the same transparency. Disposed well behind a puffed-out Pompadour, the Geisha is, perhaps, the most impudent acknowledgment of domestic service ever promulgated. Meretricious to a degree, moreover, is the modern apron, a wretchedly ill-made thing that parts company at every turn, with its addenda of strings, *bretelles*, pockets, and the like. And that, which is the most amazing thing of all, is the frankly expressed dislike to being gratuitously supplied with a daintier and more fitting emblem of the pursuit. To the stubborn British mind of the lower class, this offer savours far too much of compulsory servitude. Notwithstanding the obvious charm of spot muslin aprons and quaint miniature mob caps, or fine white lawn aprons, ornamented at the hem with drawn-thread work, the ordinary Registry Office servant holds steadfast to an unwritten law, that she will satisfy her own taste absolutely and completely in regard to the style and quality of her badge of office.

An Artistic Suggestion

Now, quite the most attractive dress for the visible maid of a household is grey alpaca or beige, the neck finished by crisp turnover linen collars tied with a black ribbon bow, and cuffs *en suite*. Or, in lieu of the black ribbon, I saw a bright cherry shade substituted the other day, and the innovation was exceptionally pleasing. While another interesting item of a waiting-maid's attire entirely overlooked is footgear. Silent soles should be made imperative, together with moderately low heels. There is a